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THE STATE OF IRELAND.—ARREST OF MR. WILFRID BLUNT AT THE WOODFORD MEETING.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—A scheme, devised by Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, to provide in America a substitute for the international copyright desired by British authors, is explained here by its proposer; and the opinions of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor Huxley, and several other literary men, are set forth in communications to the editor. The idea is that Congress should pass an Act requiring any printer or publisher in America, who chooses to reproduce a British copyright book, in whatever form and at whatever price he pleases, to affix to it a stamp which he must procure from an agent of the British author; and the "royalty" charge for which is to give the author ten per cent on the retail price of the American edition. Lord Tennyson, whose son, Mr. Hallam Tennyson, writes on his behalf, would approve of this arrangement as "better than nothing"; for some years past, says the letter, he has not received a penny from America, though we hear of huge sales of his poems. Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Archdeacon Farrar, consider the proposal acceptable; but Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Walter Besant, and Professor Huxley, object to it, demanding full copyright in America and control over the republication of books there. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. think the scheme of Mr. Pearsall Smith would not hurt English publishers, and would be extremely beneficial to English authors. The replies of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone are favourable. There are several good articles on other subjects. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the African traveller, writes a pleasing and graceful description of English missionaries and their wives, whose example and influence among negro savages he considers very beneficial to civilisation, though he is sceptical as to their success in making real converts to the Christian faith. Mr. Walter Tregellas furnishes an interesting account of Cornwall, which seems intended for the first of a series on "County Characteristics." Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace reviews a multitude of discoveries in North American paleontology, which prove the existence of man on that continent before the glacial epoch. "Science and the Bishops," by Professor Huxley, is a vigorous defence of the scientific standpoint against theological prejudices, while he cordially acknowledges the frankness, liberality, and equity with which the Bishops of Carlisle, Bedford, and Manchester, in their sermons at the last meeting of the British Association, met the claim of men of science to be heard. He turns from these wise Bishops to another whom he does not name, but who has preached a sermon of a very different kind. Professor Huxley has also "a bone to pick" with the Duke of Argyll, concerning an alleged misrepresentation of Mr. Darwin's position with regard to the formation of coral islands and atolls in the Pacific, and the reception of Mr. John Murray's recent observations. Mr. Churton Collins discusses the teaching of English literature at the Universities; Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake reports the progress already made in obtaining and exercising the right of women to instruction and admission to degrees in medicine and surgery. The only political article is one by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, who sits in the seat of the scornful, deriding all that anybody has ever thought of for the settlement of the Irish Land Question. He shows very little wisdom, however, in his plan of laying special Customs' duties on the imports of tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, wine, and other commodities into Ireland, as security to the Exchequer against nonpayment of the rent-charge for the purchase of the land by the aid of the Imperial Government.

Contemporary Review.—The very welcome abatement of political discussion extends to this magazine; but Mr. R. T. Reid, M.P., endeavours, without much effect, to repel Mr. Chamberlain's recent exposition of the Case of Ulster—strictly speaking, of Antrim, Down, and the Protestant part of Derry—against being handed over to an Irish Nationalist Parliament. The optimistic views of India propounded by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, late Governor of Madras, are encountered by a native. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, with statistics exhibiting the impoverishment of India under its present administration. General Sir John Aylie, examining the position of Indian military defences on the side of Afghanistan, and the Russian facilities of attack, considers that our Empire has nothing to fear on that side, and that there is not much likelihood of such a conflict. "Realism and Romance," by Mr. Andrew Lang, is a rattling, bantering, amusing tirade against dogmatic literary criticism; but the writer seems to have abdicated the claim to judge the merit of works of fiction by an ideal standard. The working of measures hitherto adopted for the popular extension of University teaching, directing, and examining to pupils of local colleges and schools, is reviewed by Professor W. Garnett. The legend of St. Antony, with the memoir of him ascribed to Athanasius, is investigated by Archdeacon Farrar, and is found not historical or authentic. Mrs. Shaw concludes her report of the autobiographical communications of Zebek Pasha. The Hon. David Wells, of America, continues his inquiry into the causes of the fall of prices in trade.

Fortnightly Review.—Sir Charles Dilke, who has arrayed himself in the garb of a military alarmist, takes some pains to persuade us that we must expect a single-handed war with Russia, in which we shall be in danger of losing India, and that we may possibly have also to meet a French invasion of England. He demands the expenditure of five millions and a half sterling for magazine rifles, field artillery, and fortification of military and commercial ports. He is, perhaps, right in his opinion that our Militia and Volunteers could not hope to take the field, for home defence, without the support of field artillery, and that we possess little field artillery that would, in case of war, be left at home for that purpose. The protection also of our commercial ports, at home and in distant seas, and of our coaling-stations, is an object to which it is desirable that public attention should be called; but Sir Charles Dilke goes so far as to recommend the fortification of London, at a cost of from three to five millions, against the French army which he fancies to be coming, sooner or later, to exact an enormous sum of money for ransom. If his apprehensions were well founded, the remark that "English defence has been sacrificed to Indian" would lead some of his countrymen to views of policy extremely different from those now generally entertained. The other articles do not appear of urgent importance. Mr. Hyndman replies to Mr. Mallock's economic treatise on the just distribution of the wealth produced by industry between the representatives of capital, "ability," and labour. The organisation of illegal and criminal secret societies, the "Camorra," the "Mafia," and others, among the Neapolitans and Sicilians of the lower classes, is described by Mr. E. Strachan Morgan. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace gives an account of the American museums of prehistoric archaeology, which should be read together with his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the antiquity of man in America. "The Papacy and the Temporal Power" is the theme of a rhetorical discourse by Señor Emilio Castelar, the eloquent Spanish political orator. Professor St. George Mivart examines a new German philosophical system propounded by Herr Lotze, of Göttingen, which insists on the conception of an immanent active principle, or soul, in every living thing. Professor J. R. Seeley's address to the Birmingham Midland Institute develops the scheme of a popular University, on lines altogether different

from those of Oxford and Cambridge; to be an institution for comprehensive study and research, without colleges and without competitive examinations, not for young students only, but for learners and teachers of all ages, and of all classes in society.

National Review.—Party politics are now almost silent in this magazine, though it takes note of the political situation from the Unionist point of view; and Mr. E. S. Norris, M.P., propounds for the next Session improved Procedure Rules and discussions on Fair Trade. Other contributors take up with much earnestness the urgent question, as they consider it, of tariff protection for our home industry. Mr. W. J. Harris, though he is a Liverpool corn-merchant, supports the plea for taxing imports of foreign agricultural produce, and describes, in an interesting statement, the results of his own experience in managing a landed estate in North Devon, where he has been compelled reluctantly to give up tillage and to dismiss many farm labourers. Mr. C. A. Cripps enters more into the abstract arguments concerning national loss from unrequited Free Trade on our side. The actual position of the different groups of French Socialists, with their creeds and plans and means of action, is explained by the Rev. M. Kaufmann; while Mr. H. P. Tregarthen presents a careful estimate of English pauperism and distress among the labouring classes, in view of the approaching winter. Comfort and safety in London theatres, and the regulations for dog-keeping, to prevent hydrophobia, are topics usefully discussed. "On the Killing of the Chimæra," by Mr. Alfred Austin, is a psychological exposition of the function of poetry—especially dramatic poetry—to fight against the terrible sense of vague mystery and perplexity which is apt to oppress sensitive minds. "What Women Write and Read," by Florence Layard, is a justly deserved censure of the bad novels which some female writers continue to produce, and the vicious tone and style of which cannot pass without reprobation.

Cornhill Magazine.—The story of "The Gaverocks," by the author of "John Herring," approaches its conclusion. The bigamist, Constantine, steals money from his father's desk, and attempts to get away to the West Indies. "Taken by Surprise" is the farcical adventure of a gentleman putting himself unawares into the hands of a photographer, who happens to be his rival in love and his private enemy, and who compels him, by the dread of a loaded revolver, to submit to being photographed in several ridiculous attitudes, the representations of which are sent to a young lady. There is also a good short story, "The Man of Almonacid," of a mysterious travelling Englishman at Toledo, engaged in procuring stolen pictures of which monasteries and churches were being robbed, and of his attempt to escape by the assistance of another Englishman, to whom he described himself as a Carlist spy. The account of a visit to the household of a chief of the Karens of Eastern Burmah—converts to Christianity, who sing hymns and repeat the Lord's Prayer, but very simple and primitive folk—is not without interest.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Professor W. Minto's historical romance of the reign of Richard II., "Ralph Harleot," is a fully-conceived study of the period, and will acquaint the reader with the motives of the social agitation that accompanied the spread of Lollardism. "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," illustrated by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton, takes us along the old road to Bath, telling us at Littlecote the grim tale of Wild Darrell, and treating us to pleasanter gossip of old times at Marlborough and Devizes. The description of Capri, by Linda Villari, with Mr. Maclaren's drawings, is very attractive. The author of "John Herring" carries on his new story of "Jael," the bridgekeeper's daughter in the Essex marshes, with his accustomed forcible delineation of wayward characters, and with some humour of a hard quality.

Murray's Magazine.—"The late Thomas Hood," whose poem on "Winter," a graceful, descriptive piece, in eight-syllable rhymed verse, cheerful, thoughtful, and tender in spirit, leads off the contents of this magazine, is the author of "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of a Shirt," a true humourist and a true poet. This piece was written for the Islington Literary Society in 1820, and had not been printed till now. Sir Drummond Hay relates the action taken in 1856 to put down piracy on the coast of Morocco. The Rector of Spitalfields, the Rev. Prebendary Billing, commences a review of the condition of the really unemployed at the East-End of London. We are pleased again to meet with Dr. Axel Munthe, the benevolent Swedish physician residing in Paris, author of "Letters from a Mourning City," in which he described the sufferings of the poor during the cholera at Naples. There is kindly humour and soft pathos in his sketch of a poor composer of tragedies and teacher of elocution whom he knew in the French capital. Psychological research, if it will examine avowedly fictitious instances, may look into the strange tale of "A Message from the Dead." The Hon. Emily Lawless concludes her story of "Major Lawrence"; and Lady Macdonald, of Canada, gives us the remainder of her salmon-fishing experiences on the Restigouche and the Metapedia. The Hon. Randolph Stewart relates a steeplechase among officers of our army in the Crimea. Owners of large gardens might read with advantage Mr. W. Goldring's instructions for planting ornamental trees and shrubs.

Longman's Magazine.—The ubiquitous author of "John Herring" proceeds here with another tale, that of "Eve," the fair younger daughter of Mr. Jordan, a dreamy-minded old gentleman farmer. "One Traveller Returns," the weird resurrection-story of Vreda, an ancient British Queen, coming back after death by the miracle wrought for her Christian faith, is continued this month, by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Herman. There are short papers by Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. H. Rider-Haggard, Mr. Walter Pollock, and Mr. J. Theodore Bent; also, an account of elephant-hunting in India, and an article on Bemerton Parsonage and George Herbert.

Macmillan's Magazine.—The autobiographical revelations of the growth of artistic sentiment, in a German violinist of the last century, by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, are finely and delicately expressed, and his writing is always suggestive of deeper reflections. A brief account of the Persian ethical and mystical poet, Omar Khayyam, by Mr. H. G. Keene, will be acceptable to scholars. Sir Francis Doyle has made an effective ballad narrative of the story of Alice Ayres, the brave London nursemaid who sacrificed her own life to save her master's children. Mr. G. W. Lamplugh describes a Chinese theatrical performance at San Francisco.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The writer on "The Balance of Military Power in Europe" continues his controversy with Sir Charles Dilke, contending that England ought to seek a military alliance with Germany and Austria, and hereafter with Italy, to repress the two other Great Powers. Mrs. Oliphant supplies two or three more chapters of "Joyce." Lord Lamington describes the beautiful Castle of Vincigliata, near Florence, which Mr. Temple Leader has restored, by the assistance of the late Cavaliere Fancelli, his architect, with admirable taste and skill. "The Dragon-Tree of Telde" is an interesting story of the Canary Islands. Sir Theodore Martin translates two of Schiller's ballads. The custom of capturing brides in some parts of China is curiously described.

THE COURT.

Divine service was held in Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, in presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the members of the household. The Rev. Colin Campbell, B.D., minister of the parish of Dundee, officiated. The Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie, and the Rev. Colin Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty has taken walks and drives daily. Mrs. Profeit, wife of Dr. Profeit, her Majesty's Commissioner at Balmoral, waited on the Queen at the castle last Saturday, and, in the name of the wives and daughters of the tenantry on the Royal estates, presented a handsome cradle to Princess Beatrice. The recovery of her Royal Highness continues uninterruptedly, and the health of the infant is excellent. On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps and Miss Loch, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, where they were joined by Prince Henry, Prince Alexander, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. The Queen gave a ball in the evening to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates in honour of the birth of her Majesty's grand-daughter, at which Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Princes, as well as the ladies and gentlemen, were present. Dr. and Mrs. Williams had the honour of being invited.

The Prince of Wales accompanied the Duchess of Connaught on Thursday week to Charing-cross Station, where his Royal Highness took leave of her on her departure for India. The Prince and suite witnessed the performance of "The Sultan of Mocha" at the Strand Theatre last Saturday evening. On Monday evening the Prince arrived at Plymouth on a visit to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, previous to proceeding to Truro for the opening of the Cathedral there.—The swelling upon the foot of Prince Albert Victor is gradually subsiding, under the treatment of Sir James Paget and Dr. Larking. His Royal Highness is otherwise in excellent health.—Her Majesty's ironclad Dreadnought, with Prince George of Wales on board, arrived in the Piræus on the 29th ult. His Royal Highness disembarked and proceeded by railway to the capital, being met at the station by the King and Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Minister. Prince George accompanied his Majesty to Jato, where the Queen and other members of the Greek Royal family are staying.—Princess Louise of Wales has been attacked with measles of a mild character. On their return to England the Princesses will make a stay at Brighton for the recovery of their health.

Prince Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein have arrived at Cumberland Lodge from Germany. Princess Christian remains at Balmoral till the end of this week.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The arrest of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, at Woodford, in Galway, on Sunday, the 23rd ult., in the act of holding and addressing a prohibited National League meeting connected with the evictions on Lord Clanricarde's estate, was related in our last. He was accompanied by his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, and there was a violent scene, as he wrestled with the police-constables and was thrown off the platform, her Ladyship clinging to him when he fell to the ground. He has written a letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, endeavouring to justify his behaviour. On Tuesday, the 25th ult., a special Court of two Resident Magistrates, Mr. J. J. Dillon and Mr. M'Sheehy, under the recent Crimes Act, was held at Woodford, and Mr. Blunt, who had been out on bail, came from Loughrea and surrendered to take his trial. Our Artist's Sketches represent the scene on the Sunday, at the meeting where he was arrested, his arrival at the Woodford Court-house on the Tuesday, and the gathering of people in the street outside the Court-house during his trial. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. S. Ronan, barrister, instructed by the Crown Solicitor for Galway, and Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., defended the prisoner. Lady Anne Blunt was present at the trial, with several English friends of the Nationalist party and the parish priests of the neighbourhood. The evidence given was that of Mr. John Byrne, the Divisional Magistrate, who stopped the meeting and ordered the arrest of Mr. Blunt, Mr. J. M. O'Brien, county police-inspector, and a sergeant of police named Walpole. The trial was adjourned to next day, when evidence was given by the Rev. H. Stuart Fagan, of Great Cressingham, Norfolk, who was at the meeting. On Thursday, the 27th, the trial was concluded; the Court found Mr. Blunt guilty, and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment in Galway county jail. Mr. Harrington, on his behalf, gave notice of an appeal, which will be heard by the Galway Quarter Sessions, at Portumna, in January next. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in the meantime, is released on bail.

The appeal of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., against the judgment of the Resident Magistrates' Court at Mitchelstown, which on Sept. 24 sentenced him to three months' imprisonment for speeches provoking resistance to the officers of the law, was decided last Monday at Middleton, by the County Court Judge, Mr. James Hamilton, Q.C., Recorder of the City of Cork. Mr. O'Brien came from Queenstown with a procession of two thousand people, with bands of music; he was accompanied by the Mayor and City Sheriff of Cork, and six members of Parliament; addresses were presented to him, and a meeting was held at Carrigrohilly, addressed by Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon, M.P. The Court-house at Middleton was guarded by soldiers. The proceedings were brief, Mr. Carson appearing to support the Crown prosecution, and Mr. O'Brien employing no counsel, but arguing his own case. The Recorder said he must confirm the decision of the Magistrates at Mitchelstown, on both the charges against Mr. O'Brien, which were for two speeches delivered by him on Aug. 9 and 11, inciting the tenants of Lady Kingston to resist the execution of legal process. During the short time required for making out the warrant to commit the prisoner to Cork county jail, Mr. O'Brien, supported by Mr. T. Harrington, Mr. Dillon, and Dr. Tanner, claimed liberty to go out of the Court. The Recorder said he had no power to prevent it; but Captain Stokes, the Divisional Magistrate, took on himself the responsibility of detaining Mr. O'Brien. A violent struggle ensued between Mr. O'Brien and his friends, on the one side, and the police-constables ordered to detain him, on the other; but Mr. O'Brien was overpowered and taken away to Cork, where he was safely lodged in jail. The sentence on Mr. John Mandeville was likewise confirmed, and he was committed to the same prison.

It is officially announced that Lord Lytton has been appointed British Ambassador to Paris, in succession to Lord Lyons, who is to receive an earldom on his retirement.

Lieutenant Henn's cutter, the Galatea, last year's challenger for the America Cup, which left New York on the 11th ult., arrived at Queenstown last Saturday afternoon, having accomplished the passage in seventeen days seventeen hours. The Galatea, with the owner and Mrs. Henn on board, came across under storm canvas and reduced rig, all her racing gear being left at New York.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Fashionable society is still crowding to the French plays, where M. Coquelin is again the reigning star. It is often asked how far locality has to do with the success, or otherwise, of any theatrical venture? We hear of unlucky theatres and places of amusement to which the public refuses to go; but is it not rather that the entertainment is not honestly considered to be worth the price demanded for it? The little *Royalty* in Dean-street, Soho, is scarcely situated in what may be called a fashionable neighbourhood: it is not in a leading thoroughfare, and it is decidedly out of the way. It has not the prestige of the Strand, or of Piccadilly, to recommend it; and yet an audience quite as fashionable, select, and exclusive can be found there as was ever found when the Bancrofts invited the public to a dirty, dingy, little street off the Tottenham Court-road. According to recorded evidence the public will go anywhere so long as there is something worth seeing. Had the French plays been given at the despised *Novelty*—the typically unlucky house—the theatre in Great Queen-street would have been just as crowded as is the *Royalty* in Dean-street, Soho. M. Coquelin has arranged a varied and interesting programme. He has appeared in modern Parisian comedy, the lightest, most fantastic, and cynical work—as, for example, M. Gondinet's "Un Parisien." He has followed that up with pathetic drama by producing M. Delair's new and striking play, "L'Ainé," that has never yet been seen in Paris; and then, with a sudden bound, he has gone back to the romantic drama of the days of Frederick Lemaître, and given us a taste of "Don César de Bazan"—an old-fashioned work that was subsequently used by Wallace as the plot of his opera "Maritana." In all these plays M. Coquelin shows his remarkable versatility, his keen sense of art, and his rare humour. It is the misfortune of this really great actor that he rarely looks the part that he has so conscientiously studied. The face of this actor is certainly not his fortune. No one without an effort could take him for the highly sensitive, fastidious, over-refined, and luxury-loving Parisian of to-day. His manner is opposed to such a type, and his clothes do not even faintly suggest the man. M. Coquelin, in his ill-made clothes, with his comical face and strident voice, is as unlike "Un Parisien" as man can well be; but who could give such point to Gondinet's witty dialogue, or give such interest and verve to this well-written modern comedy? Again, M. Coquelin is anything but an ideal Don César, as we have been taught to understand him. He looks the valet, not the master. There is infinite humour in the man, but no breeding. He lacks the grand air of distinction requisite for the heroes of romantic drama in any age. But these are the very characters that artists like M. Coquelin are ever determined to play. Inimitable as he is as the rascally slave, the witty attendant of the comedy of Molière, he must needs pose as a serious actor, trying to counteract by mere cleverness the deficiency of nature. It is ever so: Scapin pines after Romeo.

The most interesting play yet produced, and the one that has drawn most money, has been "L'Ainé," in which Coquelin gives a masterly description of a rough, untutored, ill-conditioned boor, who comes from the "Wild West" with his hectoring ways, to trample down sentiment, to crush sensibility, and to crush down woman under his iron heel. But woman proves a match for the brute. She tames him into submission, and he fades from the scene, "purified, clothed, and in his right mind." Possibly the play will have to be altered to suit the taste of the French before it is produced in Paris. It may be earnestly hoped, however, that M. Coquelin will not persuade the author to alter the ending of the play as it stands. It is right that the self-sacrifice of the woman who is prepared to immolate her heart on the altar of duty should be outdone by the self-sacrifice of the man who rejects the most precious gift that woman can give him. We want no duels or murders or suicides to end such a story. That is the conventional and commonplace way out of the difficulty. All we want is the sight of the humbled and penitent man going forth into the world again prepared for a good purpose to chew the bitter cud of his life-long sorrow. The one is a vulgar ending; the other is a noble one, and the play as it stands is far too good to be spoiled. We shall look forward to the performance of "Gringoire" and "Le Juif Polonais," by M. Coquelin, in order to contrast them with the "Ballad-Monger," by Mr. Tree, and "The Bells," by Mr. Henry Irving.

One of the most successful of the semi-comic, semi-pathetic recitations of Mr. Clifford Harrison is "Editha's Burglar," containing a quaint conversation between an innocent child and a hardened ruffian. With no little skill this diminutive sketch has been elaborated into a play, and brought out with some success in advance of the regular melodrama at the Princess's, to which it makes an admirable contrast. It will be a pity, however, if so delicate and tender a work as this, as correct in taste as in sentiment, deliberately encourages the "child actress," and suggests acting to the inhabitants of the nursery. The child actor or actress is, as a rule, an unnatural horror, painfully precocious, and pitifully pert. We do not always get such pretty, natural, and unaffected children as the little lady who plays Editha in Oxford-street.

"In Danger," the new play by Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. W. Cresswell—a clergyman who suppresses his title on the play-bill, but does not remove his white tie on the stage—which was well received at Brighton, has now been welcomed to London. The story, if not new, is strongly told, and as in the case with most plays written by actors, it is arranged for the stage in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. The plot turns on the accusation of an innocent girl for the murder of a dissolute ruffian who has entrapped her and her sister into a gambling-den at Monaco. The motive for accusing the young lady of the crime is not very clear, nor is the manner in which the mystery is sustained very satisfactory; but the play as it stood seemed to satisfy and to interest an enthusiastic audience. As is the case with most modern plays, we feel the very slightest sympathy with the good characters, and are inclined to side with the scamps—a mistake in art that, new-days, is unfortunately encouraged; but the effectiveness of several of the acting scenes atones for many of these critical difficulties. The first act, though repulsive in tone, is the strongest of the three. We are here shown the incarceration of two innocent girls in a gambling-den, and are treated to details and suggestions that are generally reserved for bluebooks and reports concerning inhuman traffic at foreign ports. But it is an age of realism, and possibly playgoers may enjoy the cold-blooded heartlessness of Mrs. Vane—who might well be called by an ugly name—and the attitude of disreputable gamblers at Monaco towards English ladies. If such scenes are to be presented on the stage, they could scarcely be better done; only, unfortunately, it comes to this: that the truer the art the more offensive the picture. Miss Florence West has materially increased her position as an actress of power and an artist of discrimination by her performance in this play. She appeared as the innocent sister, unjustly accused, and, throughout, her heart was evidently in her work. On more than one occasion she fairly roused her audience by her intensity and her passion. Her best scene was the one where the little, frail, nervous creature stands up and defies a

cowardly bully who could crush her with one clutch of his hand. Erect and dignified, this pale, agitated little woman cows the brute by her moral strength. It was a most effective scene, and admirably acted both by Miss West and Mr. Julian Cross. But the gallery and the pit preferred the rhetoric, and applauded most when the unnerved woman turned round and upbraided her recalcitrant lover. There was real power here also, and the actress may be congratulated on her pluck in giving way when the time comes. Audiences want waking up, and Miss West has the voice and the nervous force to do it. Power is there; subtlety and nicety of art will come hereafter. But, admirable as was the performance, this clever young lady may be cautioned against a defect known as "staginess." She is too young to be stagey. A delightful, fresh, natural, unstaged, and truly human performance came from clever Miss Webster, who promises, if all be well, to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Kendal, who is evidently her model. Her comedy is girlish and refreshing, and she shows that she has plenty of strength when there is need to call it up. Viewed from every point of view, it was a charming performance, for the actress had nothing to do with the inconsistency of the girl's character. When the pessimists cry out and ask where are the actresses of the future to come from, here, at any rate, is a most promising candidate for fame. But the acting all round was considerably above the average. Mr. Lewis Waller distinguished himself as one of the attractive villains that are disturbing the ethics of stage plays. He has a good presence, and an admirable manner on the stage, and he is evidently working desperately hard at the art that attracts him. Mrs. Canninge seems destined to play disagreeable women; they could scarcely be played better. Strange to say, in this drama there is no comic relief; but it does not appear to be missed by an audience intent on unravelling a mystery whose knots could literally be blown asunder. Judging by the success of the play at the matinée that presented "In Danger," it will be heard of again, and it is well that it should be so, for good acting from young people ought to be encouraged.

It will be pleasant to turn next week to the ambitious work of a clever young lady who has not only written a five-act tragedy in blank verse, but succeeded in getting it produced at Drury-Lane. The "Nitocris" of Miss Clo. Graves is a very creditable piece of literary work, and soon secured the ear of an interested and distinguished audience, amongst whom was Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) and Sir Theodore Martin. The play may not be, in its present condition, exactly suited to an age that insists upon action, excitement, and dramatic energy; the players may be found, after being tested, but mere novices in the art of declaiming tragic and sonorous lines; but all credit must be given to Miss Graves for her excellent endeavour, and all praise to Mr. Augustus Harris for his worthy encouragement of talent. There is hope yet for the poetic drama when it is not pooh-poohed by managers of influence, and when young authoresses are taken by the hand and encouraged to go on and prosper. The play was listened to with marked attention. Not a seat was vacated until the curtain fell at five o'clock, and it must have encouraged the young authoress to hear the cheers that greeted her when she bowed to the huge audience on the boards of Old Drury. A *succès d'estime* is, at any rate, better than no success at all; and it is a more noble thing to have wooed success with "Nitocris," than to have won it with some trumpery farcical comedy.

THE RECESS.

The Marquis of Salisbury, if Club gossip is to be trusted, is about to disregard the advice summed up in Abraham Lincoln's quaint apophthegm, "Never swap horses in crossing a stream." Rumours are current of intended Ministerial changes. The Liberal Unionist tide has not yet swept the Marquis of Hartington absolutely within the sacred circle of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet; but it is plain that every fresh speech he makes brings the noble Lord nearer and nearer to the Government which he steadfastly supports. If it be true that Lord Randolph Churchill will re-enter the Cabinet at the first opportunity, and that Sir Michael Hicks Beach has been prevailed upon to resume the burdens of office as a Minister, there would be reason to congratulate the Prime Minister. These should be changes for the better.

The gathering cloud in Zululand is likely to occupy the serious attention of the November Cabinet Councils. Another little war seems imminent there.

The antagonism of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule policy has increased in strength, if anything. There was something almost pathetic in Mr. Chamberlain's farewell appeal to the Mayor and magnates of Birmingham to keep firm to "the Union"—which Mr. Gladstone has over and over again said it is his earnest desire to consolidate and strengthen. True, ere Mr. Chamberlain sailed in the *Etruria* on his long voyage, as British Fishery Commissioner, across the Atlantic, he admitted that a liberal measure of local self-government for Ireland might be framed at the same time that this reform is extended to the rest of the United Kingdom. Does this foreshadow the dealing with this branch of the Irish Difficulty next Session? It appears to be pretty certain that a London Municipality Bill, and a large measure of local self-government for the country, will be introduced next Session; and it may be that Ireland will be brought within the scope of this administrative change. But, be this as it may, Mr. Chamberlain, who left Liverpool in the *Etruria* last Saturday for New York, has our best wishes for a satisfactory conference with the American and Canadian Commissioners in the Transatlantic fishery disputes.

The Marquis of Hartington, in the important speeches he made at Truro on Monday, and at Plymouth on Tuesday, stanchly upheld the Unionist policy of the Government, and their determination to maintain the supremacy of the law in Ireland, and proved himself resolute in his opposition to Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, it should be remembered that Earl Spencer, who has probably a more intimate knowledge of Ireland than any other Englishman, expressed once again his entire approval of Home Rule at Bedford, on Friday week, and that Sir George Trevelyan, who had so much experience of Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant in succession to Mr. Forster, speaking at Bangor the same night, strongly condemned the present "Coercion" policy of the Government in Ireland, and renewed his sanction of Mr. Gladstone's amended proposals.

We shall further illustrate the Prince of Wales's visit to Plymouth and Truro in our next Number.

The Duke of Cambridge laid the memorial-stone of the new parish schools at Kew on Monday.

The Earl of Harewood has given the site, worth £1500, for a new church, schools, and parsonage, at South Stockton.

Next Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, a new first piece will be produced at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, entitled "Tally-ho!" by T. Malcolm Watson, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

THE SCENE OF AN OLD ROMANCE.

Northward rises the road along the breezy headlands, with grey October downs rolling inland on the left, and on the right the boundless blue plain of the sea. Here is only to be heard—the lonely cry of the peewee, with the far-off voices of the rick-builders yonder at the farm; and the bright blood rises again to lip and cheek with something of the old joyousness of childish days. What does it matter that the parish road is rugged with deep-rutted cart-tracks?—there are ripe brambles, black and glistening, to be gathered by its dykes. And what though the country lies naked since the harvests were gathered in?—are not its golden treasures stored about these snug, many-ricked farmsteadings passed at intervals on breezy height and in sheltered hollow? If the outland, indeed, be stripped bare enough, there is plenty and comfort under these broad, low roofs. The thin grey lines of smoke rising above them, and the savoury smell of cattle food in preparation, tell of the herds of patient kine warmly housed now for the winter: while the appearance now and again of a comely servant lass in pink bodice and dark woollen petticoat, with the shaggy, well-cared-for collies that bark their warning at the gate, bespeak the comforts garnered within by the tillers of the soil.

The monks of old, as was their wont, chose a pleasant spot when they built their priory of Coldingham here in the sunny hollow, a little way out of the sea blasts. No ascetics, indeed, were these, if the stories told of them be true—how the priory in the ninth century was burned by Heaven for the sins of the monks and nuns who lived there; and though Ebba, its righteous abbess of a later day, defeated the object of the Danish spoilers who invaded these secluded cloisters, by disfiguring horribly her own face and the faces of her virgin sisterhood, history tells how the house was rich enough to induce its plundering in 1215 at the hands of the base King John. Twice at least again in later centuries has the roar of battle disturbed the peace of the quiet spot—when an English garrison in 1544 was battered here by the Regent Earl of Arran, and when Cromwell in 1650, planting his cannon on the green mound yonder to the right, knocked the architecture of 1098 A.D. into chips and splinters. But for the last 200 years the place has slept undisturbed amid its plenty and its peace, living only to watch the grain grow yellow in its harvest-fields. Seldom does a cart rumble down the village street, and then it may stand long in the roadway waiting, while its driver takes the time of day from some friend. In the open space, the village cross, a timeworn stone pillar, is left to keep company with the village well; and the only sound of life to be heard is the intermittent hammering, in his cottage window close by, of the village cobbler, who is also sexton and keeper of the priory keys. Time is not a scarce commodity here, and a few words induce the honest man to roll up his leathern apron and lead the way to the grassy close.

Alas! little has been left of the ancient religious house, the few remains above ground having been dug from the ruins in which they were buried, centuries ago, beside their mortal builders. A grotesque collection of relics of all ages has been built by the heritors into a curious sort of patchwork wall, where ancient meal-mills, baptismal fonts, and the effigies of Crusaders keep each other company. Close by, indeed, under iron cages, the tombstones over the remains of Arnouldus and Rudolfus, Priors, still lie undisturbed; while in the old north wall of the priory, sheltered somehow long ago from the Protector's cannon, and forming now one side of the modern church, pillar and arch and stall of soft red sandstone still perpetuate the graceful fancy of the forgotten monks. But the chief interest of the spot, after all, arises from the fact that here was said to be laid the opening scene of that most classic of all prose tragedies, "The Bride of Lammermoor." The visitor knows nothing of Arnouldus and Rudolfus, Priors, who ruled here once in flesh and blood, and whose ashes moulder now underfoot; but before his mind's eye there rises clear and real that opening scene at the gate of one of these ruined aisles, when the young Master of Ravenswood, with his assembled friends and mourners, defied the officers of the law to interrupt the obsequies of his departed father. Thus the creations of human genius live immortal, while the men who moved and thought and spoke sink to unremembered dust.

An evil race, however, perhaps they were, these monks of Coldingham, deserving the oblivion that has befallen them. Dark, alas! all too likely, was the story of that female skeleton found by the excavators early in this century immured in one of the walls of the Priory. Imagination only can speculate upon the awful fate of her, of whom the ages have left no record but these bones. It may be that Scott recounts it truly when he uses the circumstance in "Marmion" for the doom of the forsown nun at Lindisfarne. If so, where was the partner of her sin? The skeleton was alone.

The visitor prefers to trace the path by which young Ravenswood may be supposed to have retired to his lonely tower after his father's funeral. Lonely as an eagle's eyrie, and clinging to the pinnacle of a shattered crag that rises detached from the rugged face of the tremendous sea precipices north of St. Abb's Head, are still to be seen the few black remains of what was once Fast Castle, the Wolf's Crag of the story. No easy task is it to creep precariously along the edge of these crumbling cliffs, with the sea churning viciously among the rocks 200 feet below. The rabbits, indeed, that scamper from under foot find some miraculous nook of safety under the cliff edge, but the stones that are disturbed from the broken sheep-track go at a bound clear into space. The only bridge from the mainland to the castle crag is by the ruin of a causeway, narrow now as the ridge of a house-roof, on either side of which the cliff drops sheer to the jagged sea-reefs. A critical moment, and the site of the ancient stronghold is reached. Here and there remains of the massy walls rising from the crag's edge testify to its ancient might. A daring builder was he who planted them here, and if ever a lady's eye long ago looked over the edge of these chamber casements her cheek must have paled at the dizzy depth below. No fitter abode could there be for a bold sea rover of old, or for the gloomy young Master of Ravenswood. Gloomy, too, are the memories of this keep of the Lords of Home. Again and again it was surprised in spite of its strength—by Dunbar in 1410, by young men carrying in provisions to the English garrison in 1549, and it was yielded to its besiegers in 1570, though the ten men inside had defied with ease the efforts of the two thousand brought against it. These walls for a while after his disgraceful flight harboured the abandoned Bothwell, husband of Queen Mary; hither, in 1600, James VI. was to have been carried had the Gowrie conspiracy succeeded in placing him in Elizabeth's power; and the place played a tragic part in the fortunes of James IV., for here, in 1503, was lodged Princess Margaret of England on her way to become James's wife; and here, ten years later, lay Sir Hugh Heron, of Ford, while his lady's fatal dallying was preparing the ruin of the Scots' King at Flodden. The sunshine sleeps warm upon the great rock now, and the blue sea far below girdles it with a fringe of coral foam; but, stern amid its solitude, the weather-beaten crag casts with the shadow of its memories an awe upon the heart.

G. E.-T.



MR. WILFRID BLUNT BROUGHT AS A PRISONER TO THE COURT-HOUSE, WOODFORD, FROM LOUGHREA.



SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET OF WOODFORD, GALWAY, ON THE DAY OF THE TRIAL OF MR. WILFRID BLUNT.



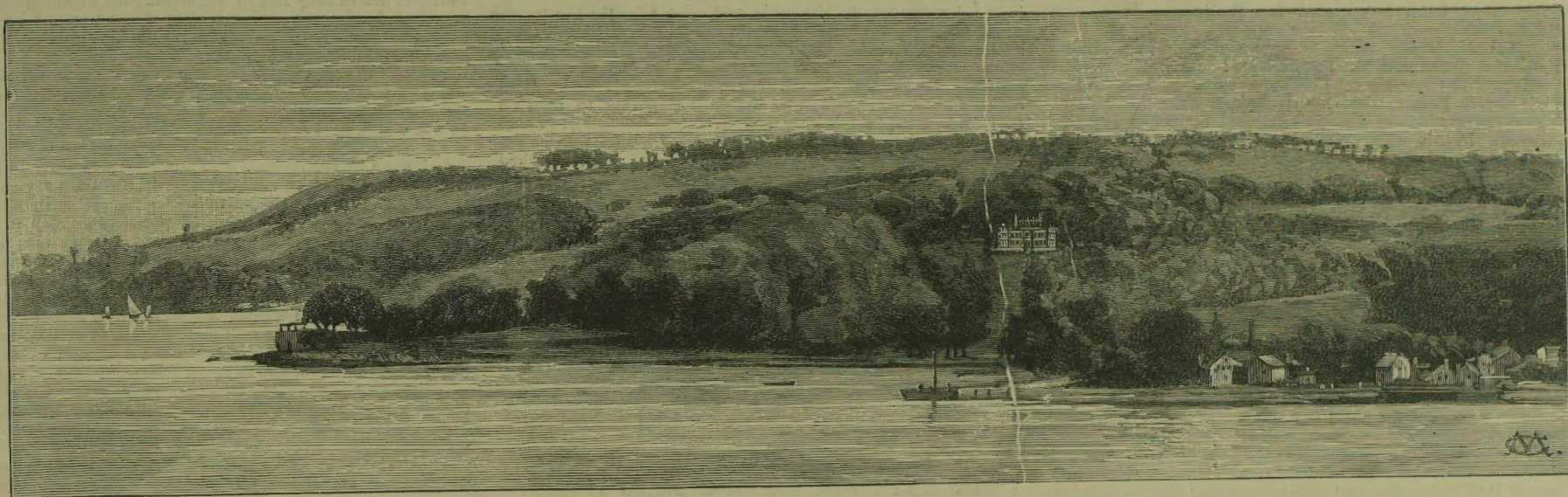
THE LATE REV. E. THRING,
HEAD-MASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE MACFARREN,
PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



THE LATE MR. G. W. REID,
FORMERLY KEEPER OF THE PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MOUNT EDGCUMBE, FROM DEVONPORT.



MOUNT EDGCUMBE HOUSE, VISITED THIS WEEK BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 1.

Nov. 1, All Saints' Day, means in Paris the Fête des Morts, the one day in the year when the French think of the dead; the day when the railway companies begin to put footwarmers in the carriages; and the day when the heating-furnaces are lighted for the winter season in the high-class tenement houses in this capital of routine. During the week which precedes the Fête des Morts the gardeners busy themselves with what is called "the toilet of the cemeteries," while on the eve and the day of the fête the population of Paris swarms by thousands to the different cemeteries. In families, in groups, or alone, you see these good Parisians making a pious pilgrimage to the graves of their relatives, carrying in their hands, this one a pot of flowers, this one a cross of glass beads, this one a crockery wreath of artificial immortelles. Arrived at the grave they kneel on the damp ground, say a prayer, shed a tear, and then, with the satisfaction of accomplished duty, they spend the rest of the day in feasting and recreation. On the occasion of the Fête des Morts the theatres all give special morning performances, and amongst the middle and lower classes it is the tradition to counter-balance the grief renewed by a visit to the cemeteries by a good dinner at a restaurant and a jolly evening at the theatre. Thus, in the brief space of a day the Parisians illustrate the truth that there is a time for all things.

In the political world the great topic of the day is the Wilson scandal, which is to be made the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry, and which, it was for a moment feared, might perhaps result in complications which would lead to the resignation of President Grévy and also to a Ministerial crisis. The end has not yet come, it is true; but still it is probable that neither M. Grévy nor the Ministry will suffer considerably from the revelations which this inquiry may cause. The real drawback of the inquiry is the separation of powers which it involves; apparently there is no reason why M. Wilson should not be prosecuted like Madame Limousin and the other accomplices of the Caffarelli affair; and this being the case, and there being law courts in France, it is evident that there is no need for Parliament to assume judicial functions. M. Wilson appears to be a bold man, and M. Grévy must find him a very undesirable son-in-law. What has M. Wilson done? Having succeeded in marrying the daughter of President Grévy, he went to live at the Elysée Palace, where he opened an office for general business transactions of a speculative and scarcely legitimate character. In his office he had six secretaries and 20,000 bundles of papers. Since the scandal broke out M. Wilson has removed his office from the Elysée to his own still unfinished mansion in the Avenue d'Iéna, and he has sent 40,000f. conscience money to the Treasury, to make up for the amount of which he has defrauded the Post Office by franking his business and private letters with the stamp of the President of the Republic. This voluntary restitution is a confession in itself.

The Grand Opéra celebrated on Wednesday the centenary of the opera of operas, as Hoffmann calls it, Mozart's "Don Juan," which was produced for the first time at the Italian theatre of Prague on Oct. 29, 1787. The opera was first played at Paris in 1805. The centenary celebration was singularly mediocre so far as the singers were concerned, and the grand success of the evening was obtained by the ballerines in a ballet interpolated in Mozart's score. Besides this event nothing of interest has happened in the theatrical world. At the Vaudeville last night a distinguished magistrate, M. Quesnay De Beaurepaire, had produced, under the pseudonym of M. Jules Glouvet, a drama, "Le Père," which obtained only a succès d'estime.

The five Academies, or sections of the Institute of France, held their annual public meeting last week, when M. Renan presided. In his speech, M. Renan referred to the creation of the Institute a hundred years ago, amidst the din of the cannon of Vendémiaire and the triumphs of Sambre-et-Meuse, and proceeded to criticise the ideas of the founders, who wished to make of letters, science, and art a thing of the State. The State, he considered, ought to take an interest in such matters, but without becoming the patron of a certain literature, a certain system of physics, or a certain school of art. The most brilliant paper of the meeting was M. Charles Garnier's "Art and Progress." M. Garnier foresees the ruin of art by the ever-increasing facilities of modern means of communication, which will end, he thinks, by reducing to one and the same model the pictures, the statues, the furniture, the houses, and the architecture of the whole world. M. Garnier takes up the contradictory position to those who say that art has no fatherland. All great art has always had a fatherland.

Paris will enjoy two new theatres this winter, one for young actors, called the Théâtre d'Application, under Government patronage; the other, the Théâtre Libre, for young authors, under the patronage of MM. Ed. de Goncourt, Daudet, Zola, Alexandre Dumas, François Coppée, &c. This latter theatre is supported by subscription, and the actors are all amateurs or literary men.—What a blessed thing is armed peace! The ordinary war budget of France for 1888 will amount to 537 millions for an effective of 484,000 men.—Strange that French deputies should pay no heed to international treaties. The latest proposition in the Chamber is to tax all Frenchmen who employ foreigners ten centimes a day for each foreign workman, and 5 per cent on the wages of domestic servants, clerks, and employés. The Government, of course, rejects all such propositions; but they will, nevertheless, have to be discussed.—Zola's play "Germinal," which was prohibited by the Goblet Ministry, has been licensed by the present Cabinet, and will be produced at the Châtelet Theatre next February. Certain attenuations have been made in the Socialist tirades. Zola promises to hire a miner from Saint-Etienne to superintend the mise-en-scène, which will be very elaborate and realistic.

T. C.

In the Swiss Budget for 1887 the receipts are estimated at 56,000,000f., and the expenditure at 56,800,000f.

The German Emperor has suffered from a severe cold, but is now better, though still suffering from great weakness.

An Anglo-Danish fête is to take place in May, 1888, for the purpose of celebrating the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales by the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables, rendered necessary by the expiration of the lease of the present premises.

The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at Vienna on Friday morning last week from Gödöllő. In the course of the day he gave a private audience to the Duke of Cumberland. The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations were received on Saturday last by the Emperor, who told them that the foreign relations of the Monarchy were favourable and gratifying. Europe, he added, continued to be dominated by a feeling of uncertainty, but the Powers were making assiduous efforts for the maintenance of peace. The Emperor left Vienna for Gödöllő in the evening, returning to Vienna on Nov. 6. The Empress has gone to Ithaca to visit the sites of classical interest in that island.

Prince Ferdinand opened the Bulgarian Sobranje with great ceremony on Thursday week, and in his speech stated that since his accession order and public security had been restored. Proposals of great importance would be submitted to the Chamber.

President Cleveland has received at Washington the British Peace and Arbitration Committee, the members of which were introduced by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Sir Lyon Playfair, in the course of an address, said that if a Treaty of Arbitration between the United Kingdom and the United States were concluded it would be a glorious example to other countries, and might lead to the two great Anglo-Saxon nations being the peacemakers of the world. President Cleveland, in reply, said that the American people would gladly hail the advent of peaceful methods of settling national disputes.—The corner-stone of a monument to General Robert E. Lee was laid at Richmond, Virginia, on the 27th ult. A civic and military procession marched through the chief streets. In the evening an oration was delivered in the Capitol building by Colonel Charles Marshall, of Baltimore; and a poem, written by the late James Barron Hope, was read. General Early presided, and General Wade Hamilton also delivered an address. General Lee's statue, which will be of the equestrian type, is to be executed by M. Antonin Mercié, of Paris.—The New York Yacht Club has received a new deed of gift for the America Cup, which for the future protects centre-board in contests, and rejected the challenge of Mr. Charles Sweet, of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, because it did not comply with the deed.

Mr. Vernon's Eleven, in their first match in Australia, defeated the Adelaide team on Tuesday by seventy-one runs.

THE LATE REV. E. THRING, M.A.

The Rev. Edward Thring, Head-Master of Uppingham School since 1853, died at the school-house, Uppingham, on Saturday, the 22nd ult. He was a man of singular strength and originality of character, who made his reputation at the school in whose service he lived and died. Finding there a local grammar school of an Elizabethan foundation, he raised it in a dozen years to the scale, and soon after to the recognised dignity, of a leading public school. But his work was still more remarkable as a successful effort to give practical effect to principles of education which he was the first to express. His central thought (expounded in his book "Education and School," 1863) was the duty of giving to boys an individual care, in teaching and in moral discipline, in contrast to dealing with them in masses. His claim to be the pioneer in this direction will bear scrutiny; and he worked out his idea in action with a consistency of plan, a fidelity in details, an energy and enthusiasm, a readiness to take risks and make sacrifice, and, beyond all, a faith in the triumph of principle, which produced great and good effects. With this comprehensiveness of conception he joined a special genius for personal influence on boys. A remarkable proof of his administrative power was seen in the well-remembered migration of the school in 1876-7, during a visitation of fever at Uppingham, to Borth on the Cardigan coast. In his later years he had won a reputation of a distinct kind as an authority on education generally. His work on the "Theory and Practice of Teaching" had a wide currency, and he was exerting much influence, not in this country only, but also in America, when unexpectedly, with faculties still unabated, he was cut down by a fatal chill, at the close of his sixty-sixth year.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE MACFARREN.

Sir George Alexander Macfarren died, somewhat suddenly, last Monday afternoon. He was born in 1813, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he became the Principal. At an early age he gained distinction as a composer. When very young he produced an orchestral symphony, which was succeeded by several other works of the same important class. His first elaborate stage work was "The Devil's Opera" (the book by his father), brought out at the English Opera-House (Lyceum Theatre) in 1838. This was followed by a series of operas, including "Don Quixote" (1846), "Charles the Second" (1849), "Robin Hood" (1860), "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Helvellyn" (1864). These were of somewhat unequal merit, and none seem to have retained their stage interest. Among the numerous proofs of the late composer's varied productive powers are many cantatas, some of which will probably survive his more ambitious works. "Lenora," "May Day," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Christmas"—not to mention other pieces of a similar kind—are deserving of more than fugitive success. It was in 1873 that Mr. Macfarren began a career as a composer of oratorio by the production of his "St. John the Baptist," at the Bristol Festival, this having been followed by "The Resurrection," at the Birmingham Festival of 1876; "Joseph," at the Leeds Festival in 1877, and "King David" at that of 1883. All these works contain much scholarly writing, the earliest having, perhaps, proved the most generally effective. His characteristic overture, "Chevy Chase," was produced at the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts (under Mendelssohn) in 1836, and still retains a place in our own concert-programmes. A vast number of other works, vocal and instrumental, including part-songs and church services, are among the results of Macfarren's long and earnest career, which also comprised the editing of many classical works, lectures and treatises on harmony and counter-point, and articles in dictionaries and cyclopedias.

Mr. Macfarren was elected, in 1875, Professor of Music at Cambridge, where he took his degrees as Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc.—and was soon afterwards appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in both instances having succeeded the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. He was knighted in 1883. He had an exceptionally strong and clear intellect, intense love for, and devotion to, his art, and a rigid adherence to the highest and purest aims and principles in that direction as in all others. For many years he suffered under the disadvantage of blindness, but his mental force surmounted this obstacle. He leaves, among all who knew him, a memory of high artistic attainments and achievements, and of great moral worth.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his Irish tenants informing them that he will allow an abatement of twenty-five per cent in their rents now payable. Very few of his tenants have gone into the Land Court.

A violent gale swept across the English Channel last Saturday night, and several wrecks, some attended with loss of life, are reported from the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands, and the mouth of the Thames. At Portland, a fishing-boat capsized in the gale, and ten men were drowned.—Other gales, of exceptional severity, prevailed on Monday and Tuesday morning, and in some places continued throughout the greater part of the day, all over the United Kingdom. The destruction of life and property, both by land and sea, has been very great. Many gallant rescues by life-boats have been reported.

THE LATE MR. G. W. REID.

Mr. George William Reid, F.S.A., late Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, died on the 20th ult. He was born in 1819, and received the appointment in 1860, having previously held a post in the same department of the British Museum for eighteen years. In 1883 Mr. Reid retired from the Keepership of Prints and Drawings (on a pension), and was succeeded by Professor Sidney Colvin. For two years before his death he had been engaged in cataloguing the valuable collection of the Duke of Devonshire. In addition to being the compiler of several catalogues of art-collections in the British Museum, Mr. Reid was the author of descriptive notes on the following:—"Examples of the Great Masters; Designs for Goldsmiths, by Hans Holbein; Twenty Photographic Reproductions" (1869); "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of G. Cruikshank. Etchings, Woodcuts, Lithographs, and Glyphographs. With a list of books illustrated by him," three vols. (1871); "Gems of Dutch Art" (1872); "A Reproduction of the Salamanca Collection of Prints from Nielli, &c." (1869); "Titian Portraits" (1871); "The Works of Velasquez: a Reproduction of Prints in the British Museum" (1872); and "Works of the Italian Engravers of the Fifteenth Century: reproduced in Facsimile by Photo-intaglio." The last-named work, the publication of which began in 1884, is still in course of issue, in folio volumes, by Mr. Quaritch. Mr. Reid was himself an art connoisseur and patron, and leaves behind him a choice collection of rare engravings and examples of the old English water-colourists.

AT HOME AGAIN.

November, with its fallen leaves and foggy skies, is the month of memories. The summer and autumn holidays are over, and pleasure-taking is exchanged for the ordinary occupations of life. Before settling down to them many people are conscious of a restless feeling. They cannot readily get into the groove of work. It would seem as though their holiday had demoralised them. Steady fathers of families have been known to cast back longing, lingering looks on days spent in the Scottish highlands or among the Swiss mountains. How well and active they felt in the bracing air of the hills; what a youthful appetite they gained on a sea voyage; how much they saw that was new and strange, how many delightful incidents happened which they fondly fancy will never be forgotten! These are the memories that make travel pleasant; but with them, as we have said, comes oftentimes a feeling of restlessness, or, shall we say, of revolt. During the month or two in which he has been out of harness the man has felt a vivid consciousness of life, and this consciousness is rarely called forth by the occupation from which he earns his bread. It is when something happens out of the ordinary course—a great joy, a great sorrow—that he feels this most keenly. And, in its measure, a change of place, especially if it be a change likely to stir the imagination, creates this sense of vitality. The man who, when on the Alps, like Wordsworth's cottage-girl, "feels his life in every limb," runs the risk, and knows he does so, of becoming a machine when employed in daily business. And women, whose position is more restricted than that of men, are in still more danger of falling into that dull uniformity of employment which is a sign of existence, but scarcely deserves the name of life.

Truly does Lord Tennyson say that it is a fuller life we want, and this feeling of want leads some unfortunate spirits to dissipation, and others into eccentric ways. There is one thing worse than pain, worse than comparative poverty, and that is the mental apathy into which so many men and women fall whose lives run within narrow lines. We hear a great deal about ennui now-a-days, and some people are even dull enough and stupid enough to ask whether life is worth living. Young girls with a probability of fifty years before them may be seen to go about the house or into society with the weary listless look of people who have tried every pleasure and found it vanity. They will confess they do not care much about anything, and joy, the natural companion of the young, is turned out into the cold. Some readers will see no truth in this representation, and they are to be congratulated; but there are others who will acknowledge that this is no fancy picture.

What, then, is the remedy, or rather are there not several remedies? A number of suggestions occur. I think we are not sufficiently thrifty of our pleasures, and that young people enter into such a variety of amusements that they soon cease to care for any. With every new book and magazine upon the table, which are they to open? With lawn-tennis every afternoon in the week, is it strange it should be regarded as a bore? Dancing is a delight, and so is music; but it is possible to have so much of them that they become tasks. Probably, too, in these days of examinations and competitions the brains of youths and maidens are in a measure exhausted before they are matured. Young people if they mix freely among their equals do not need variety; it would be the better for them probably if they had more repose. They have too much excitement and too few healthful interests and soothing pleasures. Having gone through a number of womanly and manly experiences at eighteen, what is left for them at five-and-twenty? The most dissatisfied young people are generally the most empty-headed. They want intellectual resources, and these are not to be found in excitement. The late James Hinton, whose mind was always seething with ideas, was too fond, I think, of the new word expressive of an old truth, "altruism." But there can be no doubt that what is wanted by every discontented and restless spirit, no matter whether young or elderly, is an interest outside himself. In a measure, we find this interest in literature, in science, in politics, in music, in any study that enlarges a man's mind, and prevents him from dwelling on personal sensations. Such pursuits, however, though not necessarily selfish, may become so; whereas some practical work for the benefit of others must be always serviceable, both to him that gives and him that takes. General statements like these need an application, and so I go back to the remarks made at the beginning of this paper. I suggested, not without reason, that the strong feeling of vitality with which most people return to their common vocations after the long vacation causes also, in many minds, a sense of dissatisfaction. Having felt what life is, or may be, there is a desire to make more of it, and a dread, too, of custom, which "lies upon us with a weight heavy as frost." But frost melts when the sun shines, and the glow of high endeavour gives a child-like freshness to existence. We may be happier and more hopeful at this season than we have ever been before, if, apart from our own pleasures and worldly prospects, we do some daily service for others. This, at any rate, will make life worth living, and put a spirit of youth into the dead hours of Winter.

Having reached this paragraph, if the reader has been good enough to follow me so far, he will, perhaps, accuse me of commonplace, and of pressing in needless words an obvious moral. The remark, if true, does not make me wince, for the homeliest truths are sometimes the most needful to enforce. Moreover, it may be added—though at the risk of dropping another platitude—that commonplace thoughts are not without service in a world that has very largely to do with commonplace affairs.

J. D.

MUSIC.

The fourth of the new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace took place last week, when a performance was given of the music of "Don Giovanni," in commemoration of the centenary of its first production, that event having occurred at Prague on Oct. 29, 1787. Amid all the changes and caprices of public taste that a century has produced, Mozart's immortal masterpiece retains that interest and freshness which place the productions of high genius above the influence of the lapse of time. "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" will, each in its different style, long survive a vast number of more modern operas that have achieved great, but scarcely an enduring, popularity. Saturday's performance included the efficient co-operation of the fine Crystal Palace orchestra and the choir associated with the establishment, and the presiding care and skill of Mr. Manns as conductor. The music of Donna Anna was assigned to Miss A. Marriott, that of Donna Elvira to Miss Thudichum, and that of Zerlina to Mdlle. Gambogi; Mr. J. Probert having sung as Don Ottavio, Mr. F. King as Don Giovanni, and Mr. Brereton as Leporello. The music of Masetto and Il Commendatore was rendered by Mr. E. Roberts. All these artists exerted their best powers, and the general effect was as good as could reasonably be expected in the absence of scenery and dramatic action. Stage performances in celebration of the anniversary were given last week at Paris, in Germany, and by Mr. Mapleson's company at Cork.

The opening of the thirtieth season of the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall has already been recorded. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances associated therewith took place last week, when the instrumental selection was entirely from Beethoven, whose string quartet in C minor, from Op. 18, opened the programme, and was finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda, and MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and E. Howell. The two solo pieces were the romance for violin in G major, charmingly rendered by Madame Néruda, and the sonata in A flat (with funeral march) artistically played by Mr. Charles Hallé, the lady and gentleman just named having been associated with Mr. E. Howell in the pianoforte trio in E flat from Op. 70. The vocal music was from other sources. Mr. Santley sang, with his customary success, Handel's aria "Del Minacciar del Vento," and Gounod's "Le Nom de Marie." At the second Monday evening concert of the series—this week—young Josef Hofmann was again the solo pianist, his performances in this respect having been in Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique." The closing piece in the programme was Mozart's duet for two pianos, in which the youth was associated with his father and instructor, M. Casimir Hofmann. The remaining items call for no mention beyond the fact that vocal pieces were gracefully sung by Miss Lena Little, and that Mr. Frantzen was an efficient pianoforte accompanist, as at the previous concerts of the new series.

Mr. William Carter gave the first of his new series of festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, last Monday evening, when a varied programme was contributed to by Madame Albani, Madame and Mdlle. Trebelli, Mr. Santley, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. McKay, this last named gentleman having appeared in lieu of Mr. Sims Reeves.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—was to open its seventeenth season last Thursday evening, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" was announced, with Mesdames Albani and B. Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Henschel, as principal solo vocalists.

Mr. E. Prout's dramatic cantata, "The Red Cross Knight," was successfully produced (conducted by himself) at a concert of the Hackney Choral Association, in the Shoreditch Town-hall, last Monday evening. The solo vocalists were—Misses C. Leighton and H. Wilson, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. Pierpoint. Of the music we have already spoken, in reference to its recent first performance by the Huddersfield Choral Society.

The Huddersfield Jubilee Festival performance was to take place last Wednesday with "The Golden Legend" and Dr. Stanford's "The Revenge" in the morning, and a miscellaneous concert in the evening. Having previously drawn attention to the detailed arrangements for the occasion, the mere announcement of the fact may now suffice.

Young Josef Hofmann is to give a third pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall next Monday afternoon, when he will play pieces by classical and modern composers, and will extemporise on a theme given by any one of the audience.

Novello's oratorio concerts will enter on their new series, at St. James's Hall, next Thursday evening, when the programme will comprise Mr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode" and Dvorák's cantata, "The Spectre's Bride."

The Sunday afternoon sacred concerts recently instituted at Prince's Hall, have been discontinued.

Lord Salisbury and nearly all the Cabinet Ministers have accepted the invitation of the Lord Mayor-elect to be present at the Guildhall banquet on the 9th inst.

M. De Lesseps has announced that the Panama Canal will be opened by 1890, and, although not completed, twenty ships will be able to pass through daily.

The induction of Professor Andrew Seth, late of University College, South Wales, to the chair of English literature in St. Andrew's University took place on Tuesday. Principal Donaldson presided, and after the ceremony the University was opened for its 474th session by an address from the principal.

The marriage of the Hon. Richard Bellew, third son of Lord Bellew, with Ada, second daughter of Mr. H. P. Gilbey, of The Cottage, Stanstead, Essex, and 1, Park-crescent, Regent's Park, took place on Thursday week at St. George's, Hanover-square, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

The Earl of Jersey presided on Tuesday at the council meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, held at the Society of Arts. A resolution was passed calling the attention of the Government to the depreciation of silver, and the condition of the Currency Laws, which caused this depreciation to act as a bounty on the import of corn into this country.

The Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition, which was opened, at Saltaire, on May 6, by Princess Beatrice, closed on Saturday last. The total attendances reached 823,133. The undertaking, which was started to defray the cost of the new art and science schools in memory of the late Sir Titus Salt, has not been so successful as was hoped. A suggestion to revive the exhibition on different lines next year has been abandoned.

Last Saturday the Lord Mayor presided in the Egyptian Hall at the general meeting of the London Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Society, founded last January to provide for London commercial men an institution similar to the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution. It was stated that they have now 840 members, and had received subscriptions and donations to the amount of £2605. During the meeting about £250 was collected.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Autumnal winds are rapidly developing the fashions for the cold season. Hats show the most marked change in style. The "Admiral" hat, or its variation the "Boulanger," is already growing common, but the style of those hats is decidedly the dominant one. In other words, a shape with closely turned up sides, and scoop-shaped front and back, and a high trimming of cock's feathers and ribbons, variously arranged, is by far the most frequently seen. Such a hat is called a "new boat shape" by some milliners, a "Princess" shape by others. Next in favour is one with a moderately low crown, and a flat round brim much wider in front than at the back, and having bows and ends of ribbon hanging down behind, and large bows to match, for trimming, placed towards the front of the chapeau, but a little to one side. Ostrich tips are sometimes mingled with the ribbon bows; but far more fashionable are "rifleman's plumes," consisting of the loose and floating iridescent tail feathers of *Gallus domesticus* (the lord of the barn-door), such as certain Volunteer corps made conspicuous in the earlier days of the civilian-soldier movement. There are also to be seen on hats a variety of other strange-looking plumes, which are dyed in all shades of colour, and made to stand erect and look very noble and stiff, and take on whatever curly shape and elegant inclination the milliner may desire; but which all owe their origin to the same source. The unromantic cock of the farmyard is promoted this autumn to the position of fashionable feather-aigrette-maker, *vice* the osprey, almost extinct. In bonnets, the same plumes are generally employed, just as osprey aigrettes were up till now—viz., as a finish to whatever other trimming may be used. Ribbon is almost universally the principal trimming employed, elegant and dainty bows being prepared as only experienced fingers know how, and being just supported by a tiny wing or two, and overhung by the aigrette of cock's tail feathers. Bird-of-paradise tails are used in the best bonnets, but are so very expensive as to be exclusive. The shapes are little altered from last season, the Directoire patterns not having been really adopted in England so far. Coronet brims are revived.

Fur is very fashionable, and is being used even as bonnet trimming, the edges of the shape being bound with fur to match that on the mantle or dress. It is fashionable to trim gowns with fur, a band round the bottom of the skirt being often seen, either with or without the addition of a robing passing as a sort of panel down one side. All kinds of closely lying fur are used in this way; long haired furs—such as skunk—do not look well. Perhaps the most fashionable fur for every purpose is moulton, a close and pretty fur, which looks exactly like blue fox, but is much less expensive. Beaver and otter are both employed, and chinchilla, which is so beautiful but so delicate, is experiencing a revival of popularity. I have just seen a pale green velvet dress trimmed with the light grey silver-fox fur, the bonnet being of grey straw with shot green ribbon bows and knobs of silver-fox on stems for trimming. A black velvet with sable was another combination which had been made at the same great house. A heliotrope silk, with plush panels edged with chinchilla, and having a shoulder-cape of dark violet velvet bordered with the same fur, and a violet velvet bonnet with a chinchilla coronet brim, is to be the costume of a guest at a fashionable wedding next week. Simpler dresses than these splendours are, none the less, being trimmed with fur of some sort, tea-gowns especially being thus adorned. Fur shoulder-capes, whether shaped or unshaped to the figure, are going out; the new kind of outdoor fur wrap is called a victorine, and consists of a deep collar, cut to fit the neck and shoulders, and continued in a shape sloping in to the figure as far as the waist, and then very often ending in tails which fall as far as the knee. Long boas are also worn reaching no further; that is, considerably shorter than those worn last winter.

Dresses still have the bodices generally made with fronts of a different material; and, as I have before announced, sleeves, for all but tailor gowns, are more elaborately fashioned than the coat shape so long popular. The newest plan is to have the sleeve contrasting in colour with the rest of the bodice, which in that case has only a little three-cornered waistcoat of the same material from neck to bust, while the fabric or colour of the sleeves must also be introduced somewhere in the skirt. As regards skirts, all draperies are exceedingly plain, no foot-frills are used, full-length panels (except in braiding) have almost disappeared, and slightly draped tabliers and backs in full but rigidly simple folds are correct. Steels and pads are not discarded, but are decidedly smaller; at the same time the basque of the bodice is well held up. Fulness is put into the back of the skirt in the shape of plenty of the material in lengthwise draperies to prevent the decrease in the *tournure* being too pronounced. It is the height of bad taste now to have such a very full and projecting back to the skirt, held out even down to the ground, as was fashionable not long ago; yet "skimpiness" must be avoided. Long mantles are quite as fashionable as short ones, the shapes being much the same as last year's; the great change being that braid, and gimps in which braid and metallic cord are intermingled, are used on velvet and cloths.

Mrs. Pfeiffer, the well-known poetess, has written an admirable essay, just produced in a little volume, on the topic of "Women and Work," which should be read by everybody interested in the education of girls. It is not a mere statement of opinions, or even of arguments, on the author's own part, but includes special communications on the subject of the effect of study on the health of girls from many eminent doctors and from the head-mistresses of a large number of girls' schools.

Mrs. Pfeiffer justly observes that fears for the health of girls under serious study, or of women under systematised work, have taken the place, as objections to such education and work, that once was filled by objections based on feeling and on the economic or "domestic sphere" argument. She has accordingly obtained the judgment on the matter of a number of eminent medical men, including Sir William Gull, Dr. Lionel Beale, Dr. Langdon Downe (the well-known mental specialist), and others, who all declare that idleness, vacuity, monotony, and overstrained emotionalism are likely to be, and in fact are shown by experience to be, more fruitful causes of mischief to health than even severe and sustained exertions. To this the practical experience to the same effect of various eminent educationists—as Dr. Fitch, Miss Beale, and others—is added. Mrs. Pfeiffer reviews the whole question of "Woman and Work"; and her essay is so fair, so logical, and so comprehensive as to be worth the attention of everybody interested in the question. It is true that it is now a somewhat stale discussion, and that it is hard to say anything new about it. Moreover, it is being settled by the pressure of inexorable causes, more potent than abstract argument. But the office of logic is by no means completed, and the facts to which Mrs. Pfeiffer has specially devoted her attention are peculiarly important. Nothing could compensate for the extensive loss of health amongst the mothers of the race; and if wider work for women involved this, the situation would be sad indeed. While apprehensions of this are sometimes aroused, Mrs. Pfeiffer's collection of testimony to the reverse effect is comforting.

F. F.-M.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

The Episcopal Diocese of Truro, comprising the whole county of Cornwall, was created ten years ago. The new Cathedral, which has been opened this week in the presence of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, has been constructed, so far, at a total cost of £110,000, including the purchase of the site and the interior fittings. Part of the Cathedral retains and incorporates the Gothic south aisle of the old structure of St. Mary's Church, the other portions of which, with the west front and spire, were of no architectural value, and have been removed. Mr. John L. Pearson, R.A., the architect employed to design and superintend the Cathedral building, has performed his task with much judgment and skill. The builders are Messrs. J. Shillitoe and Sons, of Bury St. Edmunds. The entire length of the edifice, as designed, will be 300 ft., the height of the central spire 250 ft., the width of the nave and choir is 29 ft., and the height of the vaulting 70 ft. When complete, the plan of the church will comprise a nave and aisles of nine bays, with two western towers and spires, a large western porch, and a south porch; the great transept with its aisles, and a baptistery in the angle between the south transept aisle and the nave aisle; a large tower and spire over the crossing; the choir with an eastern transept opposite the altar, and one bay behind the altar forming a retrochoir; one choir aisle on the north side, and three on the south side, of which the outermost is part of the old parish church; a small tower and spire at the west end of this aisle abutting upon the main south transept; and the vestries, which are obtained in a crypt below the choir. The design comprises, besides, a cloister court to the north of the nave and an octagonal chapter-house on the east side of this court. Of this extensive scheme the eastern part of the church is alone at present completed. The choir with all its aisles, the eastern transept, the great transept with its aisles, the baptistery, and the lower part of two nave bays—these are all finished, and the central tower just shows above the roof. But even as it stands the unfinished church is well worthy to rank as a cathedral. We give a portrait of the present Bishop of Truro, the Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, D.D., who is also Dean of the Cathedral Chapter.

Truro is situated about two miles west of the Fal river, which lower down widens into the Falmouth estuary; but the town can be seen from Malpas, to which point steam-boats come up from Falmouth; and two smaller rivers, the Allen and the Kenwyn, uniting at Truro, form a port for vessels of 200 tons. It has always been regarded as the county town—though the Assizes are held at Launceston and Bodmin—and its municipal charter was granted in the twelfth century. There was an ancient Castle, and also a Dominican Priory, of which scarcely any trace remains. St. Mary's Church was built, or rather its building was commenced, in the reign of Henry VIII.; but the west front and spire, which have now disappeared, were of the Georgian era. The town is neatly built, its principal streets, Boscawen-street, Lemon-street, King-street, and the High Cross, being wide and commodious; the Townhall and Market-house, the Museum in Pydar-street, the Assembly Rooms, and the Royal Cornwall Infirmary, are worthy of notice. Truro is the birthplace of several distinguished Cornishmen, authors, artists, and scholars, and its neighbourhood affords much pleasant scenery, with access to places of historical interest.

Some excellent work in the Scottish Water-Colour Society's Exhibition at Glasgow, mentioned in our issue last week, was by Mr. Joseph Crawhall, jun., of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sir R. Hanson, Bart., Lord Mayor of London, was on Monday night entertained to a banquet at the Manchester Townhall by the Mayors of Lancashire and Cheshire. The Mayor of Manchester presided.

We have received a proof of an etching by W. Woernle, after the picture entitled "It Is Finished!" by Gabriel Max. It is a single figure of Christ on the cross, and is executed in a subdued and solemn tone in sympathy with the subject. It is published by Nicholas Lehmann, of Vienna.

At a meeting of the Dewsbury Queen's Jubilee Committee, £2000, subscribed by the firm of Mark Oldroyd and Sons, was handed in towards the erection of a technical school at Dewsbury, and this, with other donations, encouraged the committee to offer £1000 for a site, and to take steps for the erection of a building to cost £6000. The building will be so constructed as to be capable of extension.

The American Exhibition, which attracted all the town to West Brompton the last few months, was brought on Monday to a dignified close. A meeting of representative Englishmen and Americans was held in the Trophy Room, under the presidency of Lord Lorne, in support of the movement for establishing a Court of Arbitration for the settlement of disputes between this country and the United States. Resolutions in favour of the principle of international arbitration were adopted. Mr. Bright, Lord Granville, Lord Wolseley, and other distinguished public men wrote expressing sympathy with the cause.

At Glasgow yesterday week the annual Poor-Law Conference was opened, under the presidency of the Lord Provost, and delegates from all parts of Scotland attended. The chairman stated that nineteen years ago there were 136,000 paupers in Scotland, being 4 per cent of the then population. Paupers in Scotland now numbered less than 100,000, which, considering the increased population, represented only 2½ per cent of the whole community.—An important and largely-attended conference of Poor-Law authorities, being the seventeenth annual gathering of the South-Eastern Poor-Law Conference District, was held on Monday afternoon at the Rooms of the Society of Arts. Lord Basing presided; and was supported, among others, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Sir John Farnaby Lennard, and members of local authorities from the counties of Kent, Sussex, Hants, Berks, and Surrey.

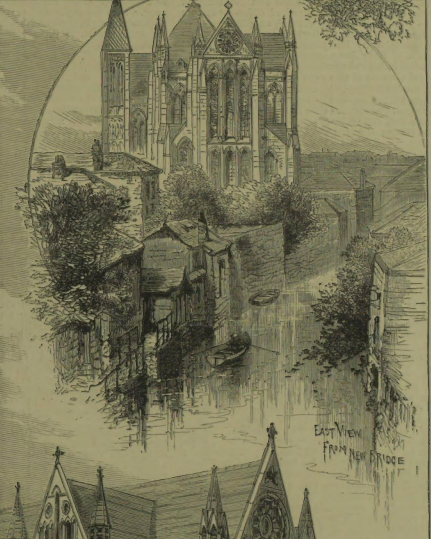
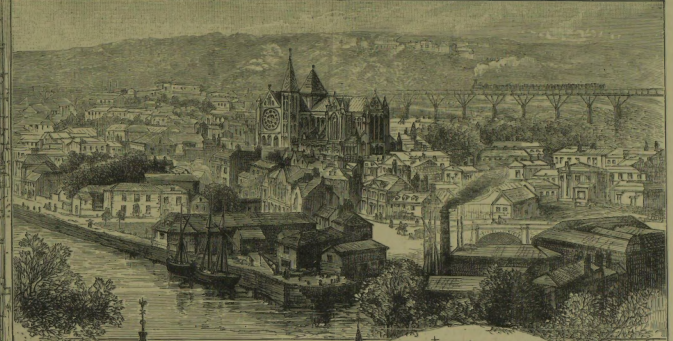
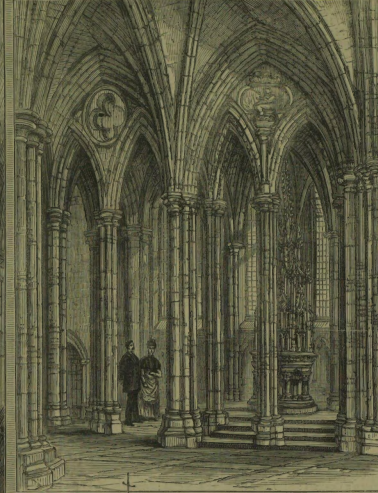
In the United Kingdom 280,696 births and 160,707 deaths were registered in the three months ending Sept. 30 last. The natural increase of population was therefore 119,989. The registered number of persons married in the quarter ending June 30, 1887, was 126,284.—In London last week 2581 births and 1738 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 256 below, and the deaths 131 above, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 33 from measles, 60 from scarlet fever, 31 from diphtheria, 44 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 16 from enteric fever, 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from simple continued fever or from cholera. The fatal cases of scarlet fever, which had risen from 38 to 58 in the preceding five weeks, were 60 last week (including 20 in hospitals), and exceeded the corrected average by 2. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had risen from 206 to 370 in the preceding three weeks, further increased last week to 485, and exceeded the corrected average by 108. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths; 58 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 30 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

The Baptistry.

Truro from the River Fal.



Interior, looking towards the altar.



EAST VIEW
FROM NEW BRIDGE



South-east view of the Cathedral as it will appear when completed.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Sailors' Songs, or Chanties," consist of a set of twenty-four vocal pieces, with pianoforte accompaniment, the words by F. J. Davis (of the P. and O. Royal Mail Service), the music composed, and arranged upon traditional airs, by Ferris Tozer. Some of the airs are traditional, having been handed down among sailors for many years; and are here presented for the first time. The tunes are characterised by clearly-marked melody and vigorous rhythm, and are well suited to the stirring nautical lines with which they are associated. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers. From the same source we have some pleasing drawing-room songs. "The Lighthouse Keeper" is a setting, by Mr. J. L. Molloy, of lines by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, in which the sad musings of the solitary guardian of the warning light are graphically rendered. Mr. Molloy has furnished appropriate music in a robust melody, suggestive of ocean surroundings. Mr. F. H. Cowen's "The Old Sun-Dial" is a graceful and melodious setting of some pleasing sentimental lines by S. F. Houseley. The vocal part—simple as it is—is free from commonplace, an effective climax, both in that and in the accompaniment, being obtained at the close of the song. "Marguerite," song by F. L. Moir, is unpretending in its melody, which is of a flowing and vocal character, and is enhanced by an effective arpeggio accompaniment. "Return and Stay" is a very expressive song by W. E. Allen, and may be turned to good account by a sympathetic voice of almost any calibre. "The Bells of Haslemere"—words by Henry Pettitt; music by H. Sprake—is a song on the popular Adelphi drama. The melody is flowing, and thoroughly vocal in character, with appropriate changes of tempo in accordance with the sentiment of the text. All these pieces are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. The same publishers' cheap serials, "The Cavendish Music-Books" and "The Diamond Music-Books," will be welcome in amateur circles. The first-named work already extends to upwards of a hundred numbers, and comprises an extensive library of vocal and instrumental music, of various styles and periods, and of different degrees of difficulty—well engraved, and printed, on good paper of full music size. The other publication just referred to is issued at the exceptionally low price of sixpence each part, of which upwards of forty have appeared. Pianoforte pieces, harmonium voluntaries, and vocal music—solo and concerted—form the varied contents of this popular serial.

"Ode, written and composed expressly for the occasion of laying the Foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute by her Majesty the Queen. Words by Lewis Morris, Music by Arthur Sullivan" (Chappell and Co.).—We have here a compact and neatly printed edition of a composition that has well served its temporary purpose, and has sufficient interest to outlast that fugitive occasion. The choral music is bold and massive, the phrases clear in their melodic and harmonic construction, with a prevailing tone of dignity appropriate to the importance of the event celebrated. The piece will no doubt find favour with choral societies. From Messrs. Chappell and Co. we also have some pleasing drawing-room vocal pieces. "Dreams of the Summer Night," is a serenade by F. P. Tosti, who has set Longfellow's lines to placid and graceful strains of a flowing character, with a murmuring undercurrent of accompaniment that well sets off the sustained cantabile of the vocal phrases. "Across the Stream," by J. L. Roeckel, is a song that partakes of the declamatory and the sentimental styles, and is good in each aspect. Some transitions of key and tempo give effective contrasts, and the pianoforte accompaniment is far above the level of that of ordinary ballads. "In the Twilight" is a pleasing setting, by the Hon. Lady Macdonald, of some tender lines by Violet Fane. The melody and the accompaniment are simple in style; but the former is expressive, and the latter is sufficient support thereto. "Gavotte" for the Pianoforte, by G. Saunders, is an effective piece in which the quaint style of the obsolete old dance is well reflected. "Novelette," by I. Liebich, is a graceful piece, somewhat in Notturmo style, with some pleasingly amplified passages that afford good practice. These pieces are also from Messrs. Chappell, who likewise issue some bright dance music which will be welcome in festive circles. "Monte Carlo," by J. H. Wolton, and "The Hyacinth," by F. Steinhart, are sprightly polkas; "Ver Luisant" ("The Glowworm"), by J. H. Wolton; "Rhoda," by P. Bucalossi; "Pleasure," by F. Laughlin; "Merlino" and "Manileña," both by D. Godfrey, jun., are pleasing and melodious waltzes.

"The City of Rest," by Ciro Pinsuti, is a song in which there is much elevated sentiment. The prevailing minor key and tone of sadness are relieved by transitions to the major key in strains of a hopeful nature. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of a sacred song by Berthold Tours: "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" (words by Charles Wesley). The music is of an impressive hymn-like character, suited to the serious tone of the words. "The Gateway of the Past," a song, by Luigi Caracciolo, has much earnest sentiment expressed in flowing vocal melody, with good contrasts between two-four and six-eight tempo. "An Able Seaman," by F. Bevan, is a song in the robust nautical style, suitable for a declamatory singer. "Six Classical Pieces for Violin and Piano," by F. Archbutt (from the same publishers) are pleasing movements in the different forms of "Rondo," "Minuet," "Gigue," "Gavotte," and "Mélodie," well calculated to interest amateurs.

"Six Sacred Songs." By Florian Pascal.—The first of these is a setting of words by Robert Herrick; the fifth number is associated with Pope's lines, "Vital spark of heavenly flame"; the others being allied to text by more modern writers. The music is in each instance melodious and vocal in character, and, although appropriately serious in style, is never dull or uninteresting. "Love must wait" is a setting of piquant lines by the late Hugh Conway, the music by the late J. P. Knight, composer of many popular ballads. The voice part is marked by a pretty tripping melody. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher of these, as of some bright pianoforte music by Benjamin Godard and Henry Roubier. The "Suite de Danses" of the former consists of a "Menuet," "Rigodon," "Gigue," "Mazurka," "Polka," and "Valse"—in each of which the implied characteristic form is well sustained, the series being interesting in themselves and affording excellent practice for mechanism and style. M. Roubier's pieces include a stately and graceful "Menuet Galant"; a spirited "Coronation March"; a good imitation of the ancient gavotte, entitled "Presentation de La Vallière," and a march, in the brilliant style, "Le Regiment qui passe." Sonata in G minor (No. 5), by St. Vincent Jervis, is a pianoforte piece of an ambitious kind; it consists of an "Allegro," a "Scherzo," an "Adagio," and a final, very spirited, "Rondo." There is much clever and effective writing throughout the sonata, with, perhaps, an occasional tendency to an excess of discursive passages. This also is published by Mr. Joseph Williams, as is a series of operatic fantasias for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, arranged by E. D. Palmer. The numbers already issued of this publication comprise pieces based on favourite subjects from well-known classical and popular operas.

"When the lamp is shattered" is the composition of Landon Ronald, who has set Shelley's lines with a feeling for

expressive vocal melody and for appropriate harmonic accompaniment remarkable in one who, we believe, is still in his boyhood. The piece is affectionately dedicated by him to Lady Thompson, formerly eminent as Kate Loder, an accomplished pianist. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers.

"Fairy Music." Cantata for Ladies' Voices, written by G. C. Bingham, the Music composed by F. N. Löhr (Forsyth Brothers).—This work is designed for schools and colleges, and, in order to render it easy of performance, the choral portions are written for a two-part choir. Solo pieces are interspersed, the music altogether being so bright and tuneful and easy of execution as to render it very suitable to its intended purposes. The same publishers have issued a Tutor for the Violin by S. Jacoby, in which this experienced teacher has put together much valuable instructive matter, followed by a series of useful progressive exercises. "In the Spring Time" (also from Messrs. Forsyth Brothers) is a series of twenty melodious pieces for the pianoforte, by Cornelius Gurliitt, each with a distinctive title that is well represented in the music, which is pleasing in style without being difficult, ample directions for fingering rendering it peculiarly available for teaching purposes.

"King Cophetua" (Patey and Willis).—This is a dramatic cantata written by Marian Haig, and composed by A. H. Behrend. The libretto is founded on the well-known old legend of the love of the imaginary king for the beggar-maid Penelophon (or Zenelophon, according to Shakspeare). On this basis the author of the words of the cantata has constructed a framework well adapted for a series of pieces for chorus and solo voices, the latter being associated with the characters of King Cophetua, Sir Launce (a courtier and friend of his), Argemone (the King's mother), and the heroine of the legend, the beggar-maid. The music supplied by Mr. Behrend is bright and tuneful, and ably written for vocal effect. It is well suited for drawing-room performances. The author and composer of the cantata have also been associated in a song, "Give me my heart," a very pleasing specimen of the sentimental style, fresh and flowing in its vocal melody, which, although simple, is interesting. This is also published by Messrs. Patey and Willis, as are two very graceful vocal pieces, "A Song from Heaven," by F. H. Cowen; and "Waken, love, once more," by J. F. Barnett—the author of the words being the same as in the previous instances. Both these songs are replete with genuine, unaffected expression, and are well calculated for any singer with a capacity for sentiment, which they require rather than exceptional compass or executive skill.

LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUET'S BANK, CITY.

The new banking-house just completed in the City of London for Lloyds, Barnetts, and Bosanquet's Bank (Limited), occupies the sites of Nos. 71, 72, and 73, Lombard-street, as well as of 26 and 27, Change-alley, and 6 and 7, Pope's Head-alley, all old houses which have had their histories in bygone days, and of which an account was given in a paper read by Mr. Hilton Price before the Bankers' Institute. This banking company, in its present form, is an amalgamation of the large provincial joint-stock bank called Lloyds Banking Company (Limited), of Birmingham (which was itself an amalgamation of several banks in the Midlands, and had a long and important record), with the well-known private firms of Barnetts, Hoares, and Co. and Bosanquet, Salt, and Co., of Lombard-street. Of the two latter, Barnetts, Hoares, and Co. are the representatives of Humphrey Stocks, Pepys's "Little Goldsmith," and have carried on business under the sign of the "Black Horse" ever since he removed to Lombard-street, after the great fire. The Black Horse still appears on the cheques of the bank. Bosanquet, Salt, and Co. date back to before 1780; while both firms have long had business connections with Lloyds Bank. The present chairman of the bank is Mr. Thomas Salt, M.P. Its subscribed capital is £4,687,500, of which £750,000 is paid up; and there is a reserve fund of £360,000. The total amount due on deposit, current, and other accounts, on June 30, 1887, was £10,573,690.

The new building is an important addition to the architecture of the City. It has been erected by Messrs. Colls and Sons, from designs by Mr. J. A. Chatwin, F.R.I.B.A., of Birmingham. The façade is Italian in design, having a length of 84 ft. and a height of 63 ft. The lower storey is of Cornish granite, the pillars being monoliths, and the upper storeys are of Portland stone. The building is fireproof throughout. The banking-room is very lofty, and has windows on three sides. The electric light is supplied by 246 Edison-Swan incandescent lamps, with a dynamo worked by a 16-horse-power Otto gas-engine, and with secondary batteries in case of need. The electrical arrangements have been carried out by Messrs. Clark, Muirhead, and Co., under the superintendence of Messrs. Henry Lea and Thornbery, of Birmingham. The strong-rooms are very spacious, and have been fitted by Messrs. Chubb and Sons. There is a lift, worked by hydraulic power, from the basement to the top storey; and fire-hose and hydrants are provided on each floor.

The Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, has been elected, without opposition, Lord Rector of Edinburgh University.

The Lord Mayor has remitted to the Mayor of Exeter £1537 3s., being the amount received at the Mansion House in aid of the fund raised by the Exeter committee for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at the Exeter Theatre Royal.

Miss Dallas-Glyn continues her admirable teaching in elocution at her house, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W. Another term was begun this week, and will end on Dec. 22; the days being Tuesday and Friday, from three to five.

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GREAT VARIETY OF USEFUL INFORMATION FOR REFERENCE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE WILMOT-HORTON, BART.

The Rev. Sir George Lewis Wilmot-Horton, fifth Baronet, of Osmaston Hall and Catton Hall, Derbyshire, died on the 24th ult. He was born Nov. 8, 1825, the fourth son of the Right Hon. Sir Robert John Wilmot-Horton, third Baronet, Governor of Ceylon, who assumed, by Royal license, in 1823, the additional surname and arms of Horton, in consequence of his marriage with Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Eusebius Horton, of Catton Hall. The gentleman whose death we record was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A. 1847, M.A. 1850, and was Rector of Garboldisham, Norfolk, 1850 to 1876. Sir George, who succeeded his brother in 1880, was married July 24, 1849, to Frances Augusta, daughter of Mr. Henry Pitches Boyce, by Lady Amelia Sophia, his wife, but leaves no issue. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his cousin, now Sir Robert Rodney Wilmot, who married, in 1880, Lady Flora Mildred North, daughter of Dudley Lord North, and sister of Dudley, seventh Earl of Guilford, and by her, who died in 1886, leaves an only daughter, Mildred.

SIR PHILIP EDMOND WODEHOUSE.

Sir Philip Edmond Wodehouse, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., died at his residence, Queen Anne's-mansions, S.W., on the 25th ult., aged seventy-six. He was the eldest son of Mr. Edmond Wodehouse, of Sennow Lodge, Norfolk, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Philip Wodehouse, M.A. He was educated at Eton, and was a member of the Ceylon Civil Service, 1828 to 1850; and Governor of British Guiana, 1854 to 1861; of the Cape of Good Hope, 1862 to 1870; and of Bombay, 1872 to 1877. He was made C.B. in 1860, K.C.B. in 1862, and G.C.S.I. in 1876, just before he resigned his post at Bombay. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Norfolk. Sir Philip married, Dec. 19, 1833, Katherine Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Templer; she died in 1866. His only son, Edmond, is the present M.P. for Bath, and was formerly private secretary to the Earl of Kimberley when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE RIGHT HON. JONATHAN CHRISTIAN.

The Right Hon. Jonathan Christian, late a Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, one of the ablest and most accomplished Equity lawyers of his time, died at his residence in Merrion-square, Dublin, on the 29th ult., aged seventy-nine. He was son of Mr. George Christian, a solicitor of eminence; was educated at Trinity College, and called to the Bar in 1834. In 1846 he became Queen's Counsel; in 1855, Solicitor-General; in 1857, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; and, in 1867, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal. Distinguished for the clearness and logical keenness of his reasoning, his intellectual power and legal knowledge, he held for years the prominent place at the Bar and on the Bench of Ireland. He married, in 1859, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis Edward Thomas, of Newtown Park, Dublin, and leaves several children.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. James Butter, of Waterville House, in the county of Kerry, J.P., on the 26th ult.

Sir George Macfarren, on the 31st ult. His Portrait, with a memoir, is given on another page.

The Rev. Alfred Thomas Armstrong, M.A., Canon of Manchester and Vicar of Ashton-on-Ribble, since 1854, on the 25th ult., aged eighty-five.

The Rev. Frederick Gooch, D.C.L., formerly Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, at the Rectory, Baginton, Warwickshire, on the 29th ult., in his eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Christopher Arthur Mohun-Harris, late of Hayne, Devon, at his residence, Cross House, Bishop's Teignton, on the 30th ult., in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tilson Shaw Magan, Madras Staff Corps, on the 26th ult., aged forty-six. He was the only surviving son of Captain Thomas Tilson Magan, and grandson of Mr. Arthur Magan, of Clonearl.

Lady Eardley Wilmot (Eliza Martha), wife of Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart., and sister of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, tenth Baronet of Penrhyn, on the 23rd ult. at Brighton, aged seventy-five.

The Rev. Robert Gandell, Canon of Wells Cathedral, on the 24th ult. He was an accomplished scholar in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and other Semitic languages; and published many works, principally on the Hebrew text of the Bible.

The Venerable John Russell Walker, Archdeacon and Canon of Chichester, on the 31st ult., after a brief illness, at his residence, the Chantry, Chichester. He was Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Chichester, and Canon in Residence, becoming Archdeacon of Chichester in 1879.

Major-General Henry John Templer, at his residence, Fern Hill Villa, Manna Mead, Plymouth, on the 20th ult. He entered the Army in 1843; became Major, 1863; Colonel, 1874; and Major-General also in the latter year. He served with the Bengal Staff Corps in the Indian Mutiny, including the battle of Cawnpore and the siege of Lucknow.

THE VILLA ZIRIO, SAN REMO.

The Imperial Crown Prince of Germany has left Baveno, on the Lake Maggiore, and is expected to arrive at San Remo on Monday, for the purpose of passing the winter there. The climate of San Remo has been recommended by the most eminent physicians of Germany, Austria, and Italy as better than any other on the Riviera for the case of his Imperial Highness, and superior even to Pegli, where the Prince has frequently wintered before. The Villa Zirio is truly a delightful residence. It is surrounded with palm and orange trees, and Oriental vegetation, and the place is illuminated and warmed by continued sunshine. His Imperial Highness will be accompanied by the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Royal of England, and attended by a suite of thirty persons. The Villa Zirio has already served as the residence of the Duke d'Aosta and of Princess Bonaparte. The Crown Prince, on leaving Baveno, went to Monza, where he pays the King and Queen of Italy a visit, and goes thence to San Remo.

Our Portrait of Alderman De Keyser, the new Lord Mayor of London, is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; that of Mr. Sheriff Davies is from one by Mr. Alexander Bassano, Old Bond-street; and that of Mr. Sheriff Higgs from one by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street. The Portrait of the Bishop of Truro is from a photograph by Mr. F. Argall, of Truro; and that of the late Rev. Edward Thring, by Messrs. Fradelle and Young. That of the Mayor of Plymouth is by Mr. J. Hawke, of George-street, Plymouth. The group of figures of the officers and crew of H.M.S. Wasp are copied from a photograph taken by Mr. F. H. Lösel, of Sheerness. The Portrait of the late Sir George Macfarren was photographed by Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker-street.



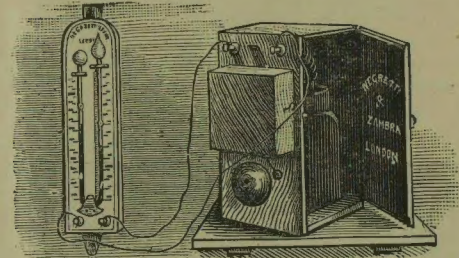
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THE chief depôt for the Sale of Fur Garments in London is the International Fur Store, 163, Regent-street, of which Mr. T. S. Jay is the courteous and energetic manager. Here you can get a really good and serviceable fur-lined overcoat, trimmed with fur collar and cuffs, for 10 guineas. The more expensive kinds, of course, are sealskin, otter, and beaver. For racing, hunting, coursing, fishing, and driving during the winter months nothing more comfortable can be worn than fur or fur-lined coats, which can be readily made to do duty as wraps, rugs, &c. To those susceptible of colds they are really a necessity. At the International Fur Store, Regent-street, there is just at present the finest collection of fur and fur-lined garments in London, either for ladies or gentlemen, and the prices quoted will be found lower than at any other house. Mr. Jay's motto is "ready money," and his customers can rely upon receiving full value for it."—Sporting Life.

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Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head, And the violet crept from its bed; The jessamine, sweetbriar, lavender, too, Their fragrance around her now shed, "Now let," said Fair Flora; and waving her hand, A change came around that fair scene: For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers, Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

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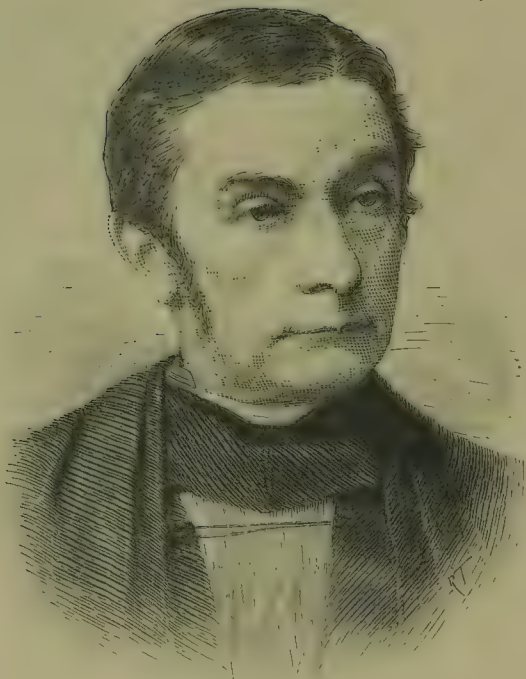
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THE RIGHT REV. DR. WILKINSON,
BISHOP OF TRURO.



MR. W. H. ALGER.
MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PLYMOUTH.

Great preparations were made at Plymouth for the reception, on Monday, of the Prince of Wales, who came to distribute to the local battalion of Volunteers, called by his name, the 2nd Devonshire Volunteer Battalion, Devonport, detachments, the during the past travelled from panied by Lord Clarke, by Great arriving at Mill-minutes to six station he was met Plymouth (Mr. W. members of the Earl of Mount John Hay, Naval Chief; and Major-commanding the Western District. A Royal salute was fired from Plymouth Citadel, and the party proceeded to the Guildhall, the Royal Irish Regiment furnishing a guard of honour The route



SERGT. S. T. ELLIS,
Volunteer Batt., Devon Regt.



MR. E. S. LANCASTER,
CHAIRMAN OF PLYMOUTH MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION.



MR. J. WALTER WILSON,
TOWN CLERK OF PLYMOUTH.



G. MONTBARD

IN THE GROUNDS AT MOUNT EDGCUMBE.



SKETCHES IN BURMAH: STOCKADE ON THE ROAD TO THE RUBY MINES.

from the station to the Guildhall, including Millbay-road and the two chief thoroughfares of the town, George and Bedford streets, was brilliantly illuminated, and coloured fires were burned as the carriages passed along. The streets were lined with troops of the Cameron Highlanders, the South Staffordshire and Royal Irish Regiments, and the Artillery Volunteers. All the space between the troops and the shop fronts was densely packed with spectators, who, as the Prince passed, cheered enthusiastically. Bands were stationed at intervals, and played the National Anthem as the carriage of his Royal Highness passed. The weather, which until the middle of the afternoon was boisterous and very wet, cleared in the evening, and there was no rain during the progress to the Guildhall, where the presentation took place.

A brilliant assembly of naval, military, and volunteer officers and the chief residents of the neighbourhood received his Royal Highness with hearty cheers as he entered. The Mayor welcomed the Prince, and the Recorder of Plymouth (Mr. Bompas, Q.C.) read an address; it recalled the Prince opening the Guildhall thirteen years ago, noticing with satisfaction his intention to open Truro Cathedral, the honour done

to the Volunteers in the borough of which he is Lord High Steward, and offering renewed expressions of loyalty. His Royal Highness expressed pleasure at being able to carry out the agreeable duties of presenting the prizes and opening Truro Cathedral. The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe proposed a vote of thanks to his Royal Highness, upon which the whole audience rose and cheered the Prince, who said it had been no trouble to him to come there, but a source of great pleasure; but in the first place he was anxious, as a very old friend of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, to give away the prizes to the Volunteer Battalion of which he was Colonel.

With reference to this ceremony, we give a Portrait of Sergeant S. T. Ellis, one of the prize-winners, who was in the Queen's Prize Hundred at the Wimbledon meeting in 1886. Portraits of the Mayor and Town Clerk of Plymouth, and of the Chairman of the Plymouth Mercantile Association, Mr. E. S. Lancaster (wearing the Volunteer uniform), are also presented.

On leaving the Guildhall his Royal Highness drove to Stonehouse, the route in that town being lined by Royal Marines and men from the Cambridge gunnery-ship. He

embarked for Mount Edgecumbe in a boat of her Majesty's ship Iron Duke. The crowd in the streets had greatly increased, and the Prince was again enthusiastically cheered.

Mount Edgecumbe, of which we present several Views, is situated on the western shore of Plymouth Sound, at the entrance to the Hamoaze, or Devonport Harbour, which is formed by the estuary of the Tamar with several deep inlets. It is the promontory of a rising ground called Maker Heights, overlooking Cawsand Bay on the seaward side, and forming part of a peninsula which extends six or seven miles, in Cornwall, along Whitesand Bay, terminating in Rame Head, to the south, nearly opposite the Eddystone Lighthouse. The beautiful seat of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, with its woods and grassy dells, is a charming sight on entering Plymouth Sound. It is nearer to Stonehouse and Devonport than to Plymouth, facing Mount Wise, with its batteries and the official residences of the Port-Admiral and Military Commander of the Western District. The mansion is an elegant building, and its picture-galleries contain many fine works of art. The Edgecumbes are an ancient Devonshire family, one of whom rendered great services to King Henry VII., and was



VILLA ZIRIO, ON THE RIVIERA, RESIDENCE OF CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.



MESSRS. LLOYDS, BARNETTS, AND BOSANQUET'S BANK, LOMBARD-STREET.

knighted on the field of Bosworth; the house of Mount Edgcumbe was erected by his grandson. The peerage, as a barony, was conferred on Richard Edgcumbe in 1742, and was raised to an earldom in 1789. The present Earl was born in 1832, and succeeded his father in 1861; he has held the office of Lord Chamberlain and other posts in the Royal Household. The Prince of Wales remained at Mount Edgcumbe till Wednesday, and enjoyed shooting over the Earl's preserves. His Royal Highness went on by railway to Falmouth, where he slept on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and on Thursday went up to Truro for the opening of the Cathedral.

“VENICE.”

The fine picture, by Miss Clara Montalba, which is reproduced in our Coloured Supplement, was much admired at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy several years ago. It represents a barge conveying the priest and monks, with burning consecrated tapers in magnificent candlesticks, and with the crucifix, and heaps of flowers, to a stately religious ceremonial at one of the churches. The scene belongs to the ancient times of the Venetian Republic; and on the shore behind rises the Cathedral of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, with the Zecca, and other noble buildings, the two pillars on the Molo, and the entrance to the Grand Canal. The sky and the sea display the luminous tints which harmonise completely with the imposing architecture of that famous city, and with the spirit of its romantic history. The costly ornaments, and the ecclesiastical and civil costumes, with the quaint private gondola that is approaching, remind us of the wealth and pride of Venice in past ages, cherished by memory and fancy.

The buildings of the late National Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone have been sold to the Mayor for the sum of £2100, entailing a loss on the guarantors of £14,000. Messrs. Benson, of Old Bond-street, have had the honour of submitting to the Prince of Wales the gold model of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, which has been manufactured by them for his Highness the Sultan of Johore as a Jubilee present to the Queen.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports as follows:—1631 cattle, 1849 sheep, and 6960 quarters of beef. As compared with the previous week, these show a decrease of 797 cattle, 2539 sheep, and three quarters of beef.

The Duke of Cambridge has written a letter to the Council of the National Rifle Association, giving his full sanction to the annual Rifle Meeting of the Association being held once more on Wimbledon-common. The Council have accepted the Duke's offer, and the National Rifle Association accordingly will meet at Wimbledon next July as in former years.

The Board of Trade have awarded silver medals and a sum of money to Angel D. Pazos and Augustin L. Gonzalez, two Spanish fishermen, who picked up and conveyed into port the first engineer and a seaman of the British steam-ship Matthew Cay, which was wrecked about a mile and a half from Finis-terre, on Sept. 23, 1887.

The Lord Mayor, who during his year of office has given over £2000 in charity, has forwarded £21 to the Metropolitan Visiting Relief Association, £21 to the Society for the Relief of Distress, £21 to the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, £21 to the Marylebone Committee of the Charity Organisation Association for relief purposes, and £21 to the Mansion House and Guildhall poor-box funds.

LITERARY RESURRECTION.

Books give
New views to life and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow nor the wretch undone.
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd,
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.—CRABBE.

“Of making many books there is no end.” So says the greatest book the world has seen. There is no fear that the statement will ever be falsified. Even though literary men were to disappear from the face of the earth, book-making would still go on—and for this reason. We live in the days of literary resurrection. Books that have slept for generations spring into new life, and are rescued from a state of worm-eaten single blessedness to increase and multiply in all the glory of a latter-day rejuvenescence. The masterpieces of bygone ages are laid before us in the most becoming mantles which the brains of the nineteenth century can devise. That their own parents would not know them by their outward aspect is literally true. Few books of any importance a decade or two old have escaped the honour of a “popular” reappearance. Having played to savants in the past, they now make a fresh start and play to the gallery. It is a phenomenon of yesterday. The day before yesterday, it seems the duty on paper effectually prevented the union of excellence with economy in the auxiliary branches of the literary profession. The removal of the impost was the signal for the gradual reproduction of the gems of the greatest minds at a price within the means of all. But it is really only to-day that we have attained the acme of perfection in this direction. When, a year or two ago, works like those of Marryat or Fenimore Cooper, printed on poor paper and in sight-destroying type, were issued at sixpence, the world marvelled. To-day, if we go into the great thoroughfares, we may see “The Pickwick Papers” complete, being sold for a penny. Such a price cannot, of course, “pay,” and penny editions are little more than mediums of advertisement. At the same time one may be pardoned if one has the levity to imagine that the publisher will some day endeavour to realise profits by giving away the works of famous men. A sufficient supply of advertisements would render even this practicable.

During the last two years the popular edition has assumed a position which it never before occupied. Certain well-known publishing houses—whether in a spirit of competition or as the result of spontaneous energy, matters not—took the field with a legion of works attractive in appearance, intrinsically valuable, and ridiculously cheap. Messrs. Cassell and Co. led the way with their National Library; Messrs. Routledge followed with the World Library, Messrs. Ward and Lock with the Popular Library, and Mr. Walter Scott with the Camelot Classics. The price of most of the volumes in these collections is sixpence in cloth and threepence in paper cover. The credit due to publishers for these libraries—especially to Messrs. Cassell and Mr. Henry Morley for the compact excellence and beauty of the National collection—cannot be exaggerated. In all cases, however, talents of a high order were utilised for the resuscitation of higher talents. Though, of course, the publishers' object is business, it must never be forgotten that in their efforts to provide the general public with a real literature, they risk fortunes. High and low are indebted to them. The gentleman who reads by his study fire is benefited equally with the working-man who reads by his kitchen grate. What a boon would be the perusal of, say, Cassell's National Library

alone! We hear a good deal about the hundred best books. Here we have a hundred best books, which may be bought for less than a couple of pounds at almost any bookseller's. A library—of one hundred volumes in which Shakspeare and Milton, Plutarch and Walpole, Scott and Luther, Swift and Crabbe, Goldsmith and Macaulay, Byron, Walton, Burke, Sheridan, Bacon, Herodotus, Johnson, and other monarchs of the pen have a prominent place, is hardly dear at £2! The sum is only a shilling or two more than one would pay for the most ephemeral and worthless of three-volume novels. Yet is it possible to estimate the percentage of value mentally that a study of the one has over the other? Who shall say with what healthy results these literary treasures permeate the nation? Popular editions constitute a huge intellectual stream, which had its source in the great minds of the past, and flows ever onward, creating tributaries of its own crystal waters among the people of the present, and finally merging itself in the broad sea of humanity. The most effective education we can give the people is admittedly good reading. Here, then, is the working-man's opportunity; here is the improvement on “the literature of the streets” which Mr. Traill has been anxious to find. Will the ultimate effect be good or bad? “To fill the mind,” said Mr. John Morley in speaking of the hundred best books, “with a hundred parcels of heterogeneous scraps ranging from the Mahabarata to Suckling and from ‘Pickwick’ to White's ‘Selborne’ may pass the time, but it will not really strengthen our delight or knowledge, but will simply aid in the generation of that excrescence of a prig who has been described as an animal overfed for his size.” Mr. Morley is right in so far as his remarks apply to the student of literature; but, whether in regard to a list of the hundred best books or to a very varied selection of works like those in the popular libraries, they have no force. For the general reader there can be no harm in “heterogeneous scraps” if they are of a high quality. Precisely the same argument applies to the attack on popular editions because they are occasionally abridged. Because a number of lines, few or many, or a chapter even has been omitted from a work, the public is advised to refrain from buying it. Because, forsooth, you cannot get a whole loaf for the pence you can afford you are to go without the half, which probably will go far towards satisfying acute mental appetite. If the rule is to be applied in printed reproductions of great works, why not apply it in dramatic also? Mr. Irving on such conditions would be for ever debarred from reproducing a Shakspearian play, because he is forced to cut it in order to get it through in a certain time. To omit a passage here and there which does not affect the sense or general structure of a work is not to mutilate it; and genius, abridged or unabridged, is always preferable to mediocrity. It is gratifying to know that if the working-man—or, for that matter, his social better—wants to read, for the price of a quart of the commonest beer he can secure the product of some of the world's best brains. The working-man who chooses to spend threepence may take home in his pocket reading of a more profitable kind than probably the lady or gentleman in the drawing-room has just selected from Mudie's or purchased for a guinea and a half. When one thinks of the possibilities which such acquisitions open up for the British democracy, one must admit that there is much to be thankful for, in the latest exertions of popular publishers. They are doing good work, and they deserve much more encouragement in it than has so far been given them by the press of Great Britain.—E. S.

An exhibition of textile goods and machinery, open to all countries, will be held at Warsaw in December.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.
STREETER and CO., GOLDSMITHS,

Importers of Precious Stones, Pearls, and Gems,

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DIAMOND LOCKETS,	10 to	500 ..
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DIAMOND STARS,	10 to	250 ..
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SPECIMEN DIAMONDS, PEARLS, AND GEMS.		

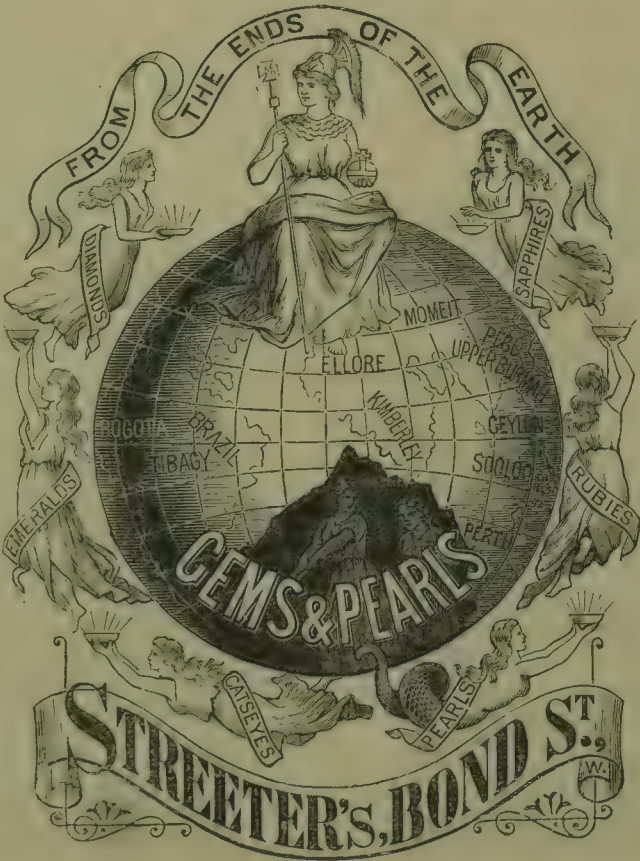
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SAPPHIRE BROOCHES,	10 to	500 ..
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RUBY RINGS,	10 to	500 ..
RUBY BRACELETS,	25 to	2000 ..
RUBY BROOCHES,	30 to	2000 ..
RUBY NECKLACES,	100 to	5000 ..
PEARL RINGS,	5 to	50 ..
PEARL BRACELETS,	5 to	500 ..
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JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG.
R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zenobia at Carthage," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six, Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of high-class ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including S. S. Barabara's new picture, "A Court Matinee," is NOW OPEN at their Galleries, 5 and 6, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries. The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY—a Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes, stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel dies, Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 8d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

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DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

GREY HAIR—ALEX. ROSS Dyes Hair a light or dark colour. The Dye is sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Post, 5s. 8d., and 14s. 8d. The 8s. 10s. and 14s. 8d. are in Tins. The 3s. 6d. is in a box. ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.

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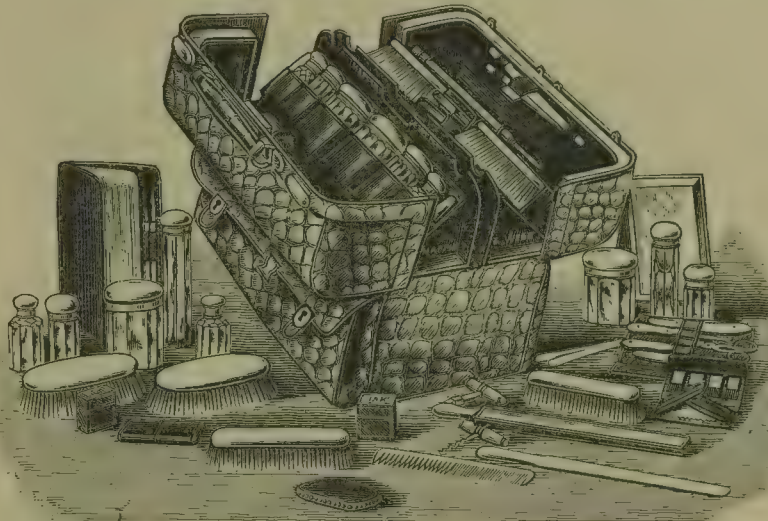
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WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES. An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH. Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use **EPPS' GLYCERINE JUBBERS**. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in Tins, 1s. 1d., labelled "James Epps and Co., Homeopathic Chemists," London.



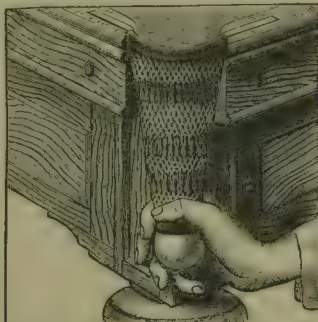
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SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA. Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened, yet weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and in reality cheaper. The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER." Keeps for years in all climates. Requires no cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast-Cup costing less than a halfpenny. In Air-Tight Tins, 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers. H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Strand, W.C.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. "I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa. It is highly concentrated, and therefore economical as a family food. It is the drink par excellence for children, and gives no trouble in making."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.

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ADVANTAGES:—Saves cloth at pockets, keeps pocket openings true, prevents danger to wrists, does not hold dirt or chalks, and the recovery of balls is quicker.

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COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866:—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

NOTICE.
On NOVEMBER 15 will be published Vol. I. of **THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.** Edited by HENRY IRVING and FRANK A. MARSHALL, and illustrated by Gordon Browne. The work will be completed in eight volumes, published quarterly, small 4to, cloth, gilt top, price 10s. 6d. each. Prospectus, with Specimen Page, post-free. BLACKIE and SONS, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

SHIRTS—FORD'S EUREKA. "The most perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality, should try **FORD'S EUREKA**, 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

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DRESS SHIRTS—FORD'S EUREKA DRESS SHIRTS. To wear with one and centre of front. Sixteen different sizes, 14 in. to 18 in. neck, ready for use, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine Linen, Three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with Cash, returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.—The Only Flannel Shirts that never shrink in washing, not if washed 100 times. Woven, 1 lb. 6d., 2 lb. 6d., 3 lb. 6d., 4 lb. 6d., 5 lb. 6d., 6 lb. 6d., 7 lb. 6d., 8 lb. 6d., 9 lb. 6d., 10 lb. 6d., 11 lb. 6d., 12 lb. 6d., 13 lb. 6d., 14 lb. 6d., 15 lb. 6d., 16 lb. 6d., 17 lb. 6d., 18 lb. 6d., 19 lb. 6d., 20 lb. 6d., 21 lb. 6d., 22 lb. 6d., 23 lb. 6d., 24 lb. 6d., 25 lb. 6d., 26 lb. 6d., 27 lb. 6d., 28 lb. 6d., 29 lb. 6d., 30 lb. 6d., 31 lb. 6d., 32 lb. 6d., 33 lb. 6d., 34 lb. 6d., 35 lb. 6d., 36 lb. 6d., 37 lb. 6d., 38 lb. 6d., 39 lb. 6d., 40 lb. 6d., 41 lb. 6d., 42 lb. 6d., 43 lb. 6d., 44 lb. 6d., 45 lb. 6d., 46 lb. 6d., 47 lb. 6d., 48 lb. 6d., 49 lb. 6d., 50 lb. 6d., 51 lb. 6d., 52 lb. 6d., 53 lb. 6d., 54 lb. 6d., 55 lb. 6d., 56 lb. 6d., 57 lb. 6d., 58 lb. 6d., 59 lb. 6d., 60 lb. 6d., 61 lb. 6d., 62 lb. 6d., 63 lb. 6d., 64 lb. 6d., 65 lb. 6d., 66 lb. 6d., 67 lb. 6d., 68 lb. 6d., 69 lb. 6d., 70 lb. 6d., 71 lb. 6d., 72 lb. 6d., 73 lb. 6d., 74 lb. 6d., 75 lb. 6d., 76 lb. 6d., 77 lb. 6d., 78 lb. 6d., 79 lb. 6d., 80 lb. 6d., 81 lb. 6d., 82 lb. 6d., 83 lb. 6d., 84 lb. 6d., 85 lb. 6d., 86 lb. 6d., 87 lb. 6d., 88 lb. 6d., 89 lb. 6d., 90 lb. 6d., 91 lb. 6d., 92 lb. 6d., 93 lb. 6d., 94 lb. 6d., 95 lb. 6d., 96 lb. 6d., 97 lb. 6d., 98 lb. 6d., 99 lb. 6d., 100 lb. 6d. Write for patterns and self-measure. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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ÆGIDIUS.—Ford's Ægidius.—The only fabric that never shrinks in washing. Gentlemen's Undervests, six different sizes. Pants, with belt bands, 6s. 6d.; Half-Hose, 3s. 6d.; all to match. Three different colours. Patterns and self-measure free by post. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.—Pure wool undyed Gentlemen's Undervests, Pants, and Half-Hose, all to match. Patterns and illustrated self-measure free per post. All goods carriage free.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

LADIES' JACKET and MANTLE CLOTHS one-third less than West-End prices. A. BROWN and SONS, Woollea Merchants, 8, Holborn-circus, London.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES. Sold in Boxes 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Stayanywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., Lincoln.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than **KEATING'S LOZENGES.** One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, secretly and skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 13d. Tins.

CAUTION. — HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES.—Time and care are so essential in their preparation that a name of repute should always guarantee them. All medicines sold by Agents of JAMES EPPS and CO. (the first Homoeopathic Chemists established in England) must each bear the firm's label.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"You may clasp your head till you are blue in the face, and that won't get you out of the hole."

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIT," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A VISIT TO DONCASTER AND ITS RESULTS.

The "system" which Jeremiah Pamflett, after infinite patience, had discovered of winning large sums of money upon the turf did not turn out the absolute certainty which his calculations upon paper had foreshadowed. At first all went well; he commenced with small amounts, and a peculiar run of wins in a certain direction favoured him. For three or four weeks his good fortune continued; every day's results showed a balance on the right side, his lowest daily win being £3, his highest £62. At the end of that time he was the richer by £280. So far so good.

He did not think so; he was mad with himself for winning so little. That was because he had ventured so little. "What an idiot I am!" he groaned, in the solitude of his bed-chamber. "What an idiot! what an idiot! Had I multiplied my stakes by fifty I should have won £14,000. Where are my brains? Where is my pluck? Without courage, no one who was not born to riches has ever made a great fortune. And here am I wasting the precious time and letting my opportunities slip. £14,000 in four weeks. Forty racing weeks a-year, £140,000. Five years of that, £7,000,000. Oh, Lord! *seven million pounds!* SEVEN MILLIONS! I could double it while I was making it. FOURTEEN MILLION POUNDS! What could I do with fourteen millions? What *could* I do?" he screamed. "What couldn't I do? I could turn the world topsy turvy! I could become anything I liked!—a Prince—a King—an Emperor! And all in five years from to-day—with a long life before me to enjoy my money! I'll do it—I'll do it—I'll do it!"

These contemplations turned his head. He resolved to dash in and become a millionaire.

The race-courses upon which his initial trials were made were situated at an easy distance from London—Kempton Park, Sandown, Epsom, Croydon, Ascot, Hampton, Windsor, and other such meetings, from which, when the last race was run, he could reach Miser Farebrother's office at seven or eight o'clock in the evening.

"I'm going to commence my system in real earnest," said Jeremiah to Captain Ablewhite. "No more shilly-shallying."

"Brave boy!" replied Captain Ablewhite, admiringly. "Where?"

"Well," questioned Jeremiah, seeking information. "Where?"

"Come with me to Doncaster," said Captain Ablewhite. "Glorious place! No end of swells there, waiting to hand you their money. A fortune ready made for you. We'll have a rare week. I know to a certainty what's going to win the Leger. A dark'un."

"Doncaster's a long way off," said Jeremiah, ruminatively. "All the better. You can manage it; throw over the office for five days. What is life without beer and skittles? You will come back rolling in money."

Jeremiah did manage it. Miser Farebrother had one of his worst attacks, and there was no likelihood of his being able to leave his room during the Doncaster week. Away went Jeremiah

on Monday, in the company of Captain Ablewhite and three other swells, to commence the solid foundation of the great fortune in store for him. He had made his preparations for the grand coup, and had possessed himself of no less a sum than two thousand pounds in ready cash. How he had obtained this money need not be too curiously inquired into; sufficient to say that it was his master's, and that forgery was the means by which he had come into possession of it. He had "borrowed" it for a week. When the Doncaster Meeting was over, he would be able to replace it. He had confided to his mother that he was leaving London for a few days, and had instructed her to communicate regularly with him at Doncaster, giving her the address of an inn at which he and Captain Ablewhite intended to stop. She had implored him to confide in her the nature of the business which took him away; but he was obdurate, and he sternly refused to let her into the secret.

"All it is necessary for you to know," he said to her, "is that when you see me next I shall have twenty thousand pounds of my own."

"Don't run yourself into danger," she begged. "Oh, Jeremiah, be careful!"

"Let me alone for that," he replied. "I know what I'm about."

On the road to Doncaster he played "Nap" with Captain Ablewhite and his swell friends, crown points, and when the train reached its destination he had won over sixty pounds.

"A good commencement," he said to himself, elated at his good fortune.

"You have the luck of the Devil," said one of the losers to him. "How do you manage it?"

Jeremiah smiled as he packed his winnings away. "It is my opinion," observed Captain Ablewhite, pleasantly, "that Mr. Pamflett has made a bargain with the old gentleman. Everything he touches turns to gold."

On the following day Jeremiah, on the race-course, commenced to plunge, and, after a martingale of six series of bets on six races, found himself a loser of eleven hundred pounds. He was desperately frightened; he went carefully over his "system," and it was small satisfaction to him to prove that he had not made a mistake. What should he do? Leave off, or go on? There was no choice for him: he *must* go on; he *must* get back the money he had lost! It was not possible that he should continue to lose. The money would be sure to come back. He infused false courage into his trembling body by drinking brandy.

"A bad day," said Captain Ablewhite.

"What's the odds?" cried Jeremiah, emptying his glass. "It's only lent."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Captain Ablewhite. "You've got the right sort of stuff in you. You'll break the ring!"

They played "poker" that night, and Jeremiah, by boldness, won back two hundred of the eleven. This put spirit into him. "It is all right," he thought. "I'll make them sing small before I've done with them."

On the race-course again he continued his "system"—lost on the first race of the day, lost on the second, and lost on the Leger. The "dark" horse which Captain Ablewhite was certain would win came in fourth. The carrying out of Jeremiah's "system" now required very heavy stakes, and when the number of the winner of the Leger went up on the board, he had but four hundred of his two thousand pounds left. Then he began to flounder. He had lost on nine

successive races, and to pull back his losses it was necessary that he should stake the whole of the four hundred pounds in his pocket on the race about to take place. Did he dare to do that?

He walked about the ring, muttering to himself, and studying his card. "Shall I do it? shall I do it?" he muttered, in a state of indecision. He knew exactly what his "system" demanded: there was the horse, and there the jockey; did he dare to back them for the four hundred pounds? As he was hesitating and dallying, two men, whispering, brushed past him. He heard what they said. "They've squared it; it's a moral. Now's the time; I'm going nap on Morning Light."

Morning Light! Morning Light! The man was going nap on Morning Light. Was there ever a straighter tip? It was not the horse his "system" proclaimed he should back; but he could never forgive himself if he neglected the tip so fortuitously imparted to him. "It is sure to win; it is sure to win," muttered Jeremiah; and in a fit of nervous desperation he put his money on Morning Light. He could not get the odds to the amount from one bookmaker, but he got them from four good men and true, to whom he entrusted the last of his new crisp bank-notes. He stood to win three thousand eight hundred pounds. "That will put me eighteen hundred on the right side," he muttered, "and my four hundred that I shall get back, that will be two thousand two hundred."

So great was his agitation that he walked out of the ring, and tried not to think of the race till it was over.

"Hallo, my buck!" cried Captain Ablewhite, clapping him on the shoulder just as he passed through the gate. "How are we getting along? Do you know anything? What have you backed?"

But Jeremiah would not allow the name of the horse to pass consciously from his lips. He had a superstitious fear that it would bring him bad luck; he mumbled some indistinct words, and staggered away. Captain Ablewhite looked after him and smiled.

How was it that in a few moments Jeremiah found himself back in the ring again? He could not tell, except that he was impelled by a terrible force which seemed to deprive him of self-control. His eyes blazed, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. All at once he was standing before the bar calling for brandy. He drank it neat, and called for another glass, and another, which he tossed off. The ringing of a bell and cries of, "They're off!" dragged him to the grand stand; but though he strained his eyes and looked in the direction of the running horses he could not see them. They were all mixed up in seemingly inextricable confusion. A man close to him shouted, "Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins, for a pony!" "Tricksy! It was the horse he ought to have backed. 'You're a damned liar!' He thought he had screamed the words aloud; but only a gurgling, inarticulate sound had escaped him. From a hundred throats came the cries, "Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins! Tricksy wins!" The horses rushed past the post, and the race was over.

Jeremiah wiped the perspiration from his face, and dug his handkerchief into his eyes to clear them. The winning numbers were going up, and he saw them in a red mist. Tricksy first, Bamboo second, Moselle third. Morning Light nowhere.

What a cursed fool he had been! Fortune was within his grasp, and he had missed it—had wilfully thrown it away! His "system" pointed unerringly to the backing of Tricksy,

and he had allowed himself to be turned from the certainty by a casual whisper. No, not casual; it was a plot to ruin him; it had been done purposely to destroy him. And here was Captain Ablewhite at his elbow again.

"Was there ever such infernal luck?" the Captain was saying to him. "I had the tip before I came on the course, and I go and back Moselle. I've no head, no head! Oh, if I only had your clear brain! No use growling, though; it won't mend matters. Better luck next time. None but the brave deserve the—mopusses. But I say, old fellow, you look upset. You don't mean to say you didn't back Tricky! Why, you told me after the second race that, mathematically, it couldn't lose; and I said to myself, 'Pamflett'll back Tricky, and I'll back Moselle. If Moselle wins, I can let Pamflett have a few hundreds to go on with. If Tricky wins, he can oblige me.' You can't, eh?"

"No, I can't," said Jeremiah, in a hoarse tone. "I didn't back it."

"You didn't back it!" exclaimed Captain Ablewhite, with an amazed look. "What *did* you back, then?"

"Morning Light."

"Morning Light! Have you lost your wits? Why, old chap, he was never meant! I could have told you that if you had asked me. He's going to win the Cambridgeshire. Upon my soul, this is the best thing I've heard for a month."

"I don't think so."

"How much did you back him for?"

"Four hundred."

Captain Ablewhite whistled. "Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk. There's one good thing—the game's alive. You can pull it back with interest, and you're not the man I take you for if you don't do it. What does it matter to you, a thousand or two? These things happen to all of us. I remember last year at Ascot—but it's no good raking it up. It knocked me over for a month, I can tell you that. From what I can understand of your system it's when you risk the most you win the most. Isn't it?"

"Yes," groaned Jeremiah.

"I thought so. Now, if you had backed Tricky what would you have won?"

"Nearly five thousand," groaned Jeremiah.

"By all that's wonderful! And you didn't follow it out! But I'm a nice one, I am, to preach!" And then Captain Ablewhite said playfully, "Don't you let me catch you at it again!"

"I won't," groaned Jeremiah.

"The beauty of the thing is, as I have said," continued Captain Ablewhite, "that the game's alive. It's always alive, and waiting for us. What is *one* miss? You can snap your fingers at it. All you've got to do is to increase your stake the next time. Old fellow, I give you my solemn word there's only one thing in life worth living for; and that is horse-racing and betting on it. If it was abolished, there are a thousand men in England who would put a bullet through their heads to-morrow; and I'd be one of them—I would! It isn't called a Royal sport for nothing. There never *was* anything like it, and there never *will* be anything like it. Great Scot! the fortunes I've seen lost and won! Come and have some fizz."

Jeremiah went and had some fizz, and then Captain Ablewhite asked him what his trouble was.

"I've lost all the ready money I brought with me," said Jeremiah.

"What of that? You want to go on betting?"

"Yes."

"Give me," said Captain Ablewhite, "your IOU for a thou."

What with his despair and the mixed liquors he had imbibed, Jeremiah scarcely knew what he was doing; and, under Captain Ablewhite's directions, he wrote and signed an IOU for £1000, which the gallant Captain comfortably deposited in his pocket-book.

"Come with me," said Captain Ablewhite. "By Jove! the numbers are going up."

Jeremiah went with him, and was introduced to a bookmaker, to whom Captain Ablewhite whispered a few words.

"All right, Captain," said the bookmaker. "The gentleman's name is good enough; but I thought he was quite a different sort of man."

Captain Ablewhite nodded, and took Jeremiah aside.

"Make your bets with him," said the Captain, in a low tone, "in the name of Farebrother. You've got Farebrother's cards about you: give him one. Before the meeting is over, you will be in clover. You can bet with him without staking a shilling."

But on the Friday morning of the Doncaster Meeting Jeremiah was in anything but clover. He was tossing about on a bed of nettles.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BAD BUSINESS.

At ten o'clock on this morning, Captain Ablewhite, unannounced, and without knocking at the door, walked into Jeremiah's room in the hotel at which he had taken up his quarters. Jeremiah was still in bed. Closing the door carefully behind him and turning the key, Captain Ablewhite drew a chair to the side of the bed and sat down.

"This is a bad business," said Captain Ablewhite.

Jeremiah was in a purlous condition. His face was haggard; his eyes were bloodshot; he was shaking like a man in a palsy.

"This is a bad business," repeated Captain Ablewhite.

"You are too much upset to reply. But why, oh, *why* have you lost your head?"

Jeremiah put his hand up, feebly and despairingly, and passed it vacantly over his forehead.

"I have here," said Captain Ablewhite, plunging his hands into the pockets of his gorgeous dressing-gown, "a pick-me-up. It will pull you round, and then we can talk."

He produced two bottles—one containing the pick-me-up, the other, soda. Taking a large tumbler from a table he poured a good dose of the pick-me-up into it, and then uncorked the soda, which he emptied into the glass.

"Drink this."

Jeremiah drank it, and almost instantly became for a while clear-brained.

"Better?" asked Captain Ablewhite.

"A great deal better," replied Jeremiah.

Then, for the third time, the jovial Captain—he was as fresh as a two-year-old—said:

"This is a bad business."

And still, clear-headed as he now was, Jeremiah did not know what to say in answer to a very plain statement of fact.

"Let me see," said Captain Ablewhite, taking out his pocket-book. "There is nothing like looking a difficulty straight in the face. It is not a bit of good shirking it. What you've got to do is to meet it—and, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, meet it you must. Now, then, for the facts. You brought down with you to Doncaster a very comfortable sum of ready money. How much?"

"Two thousand pounds," replied Jeremiah.

"That is right. Speak clearly and plainly. Two thousand pounds. If I had that in my pocket at the present moment, I would double it before the day is over. There's a race to be run—however, let that pass."

"What race?" cried Jeremiah. "Is it a certainty?"

"It is a certainty," said Captain Ablewhite, solemnly. "I've got the tip for the Scurry Stakes, my lad, and the horse can't lose."

"But why not give it to me?" asked Jeremiah, in great excitement. "I could make everything right—everything—everything!" His voice trailed off into a whimper.

"Why don't I give it to you?" said Captain Ablewhite, very calmly. "Because I am beginning to lose my opinion of you. Let me tell you, though: you may justify it yet if you are not thoroughly white-livered."

"I will, I will!" exclaimed Jeremiah. "Only give me the tip—give me the tip!"

"Not if I know it. This little affair I will keep to myself, and I'll sweep the market. You've let too many good things slip by this week. Come, now, confess: if you had stuck to your 'system' how much would you have won? Don't put me off. You've gone all through it, and you know the figures to the fraction of a shilling."

Jeremiah struck his forehead with his hand. "I should have won seven thousand pounds."

"Exactly. And you did not win it because you weren't game, and because you allowed yourself to be led away. What is the good of a man unless he has the courage of his opinions? Before midnight I'm going to try you; I'm going to see whether you're worth trying to save (because you are in a frightful hole, you know, and there's no telling what will happen to you if you continue to show the white feather) or whether I shall let you go to the dogs. It depends upon me, old chap. Oppose me, show ingratitude, try to prove that you're cleverer than I am, and the odds are that you will have seven years—not less—perhaps fourteen. Oh, you are clever, you are! Make no mistake, you *are* clever; but you want nerve! Why, if you had been open with me—if you had told me honestly what your system was—we might both have made fortunes. But that's neither here nor there. Things are as they are, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are," sighed Jeremiah.

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Well, then. You brought down two thousand pounds with you, and you blued it. Eh?"

"Yes."

"I don't ask you where you got the money from. It is no business of mine, and I will have nothing to do with it. I have my ideas, but I'll keep them to myself. Having lost your two thousand pounds, you get me to introduce you to a bookmaker, who took your bets in the expectation of paying you if you won and receiving from you if you lost. And you did business with him in a false name."

"I didn't get you," protested Jeremiah: "you offered to introduce me; and it was at *your* suggestion I used the name of Farebrother."

Captain Ablewhite rose, and said, "Good-morning."

"No, no," cried Jeremiah, piteously; "don't desert me!"

"Did I introduce you, or did you ask me to introduce you?" demanded Captain Ablewhite.

"I asked you—I asked you!" whined Jeremiah.

"And did you use Farebrother's name upon my suggestion? Be careful, old chap."

"At my own suggestion," faltered Jeremiah.

"Good," said Captain Ablewhite, resuming his seat. "You made bets with him, and you are in his books over three thousand pounds. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"I have IOU's for another two thousand pounds. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"It is a satisfaction. You hold acceptances of mine for close on that amount, and the entire amount of cash I have received from you is about one-fourth of that amount."

"Business is business," groaned Jeremiah.

"All right. I didn't complain, and I don't. You and I are pretty well squared on that account. Taking it altogether, you have lost this week some seven thousand pounds, when you might have won as much."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Jeremiah.

"You may clasp your head till you're blue in the face, and that won't get you out of the hole. Do you want to get out of it?"

"Yes; of course I do!"

"Then," said Captain Ablewhite, enigmatically, "take the 1.33 train to London. You will get there at five o'clock. Have a bath and a sensible dinner, and meet me outside the Langham Hotel, on the opposite side of the road, at nine o'clock to-night. It may be in my power to save you. No words. If you do not obey me I have done with you. Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah.

CHAPTER XL.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

This was to be a night of surprising adventure to Jeremiah. He was punctual to time; as the church clocks struck the hour of nine he arrived at the Langham Hotel, and, in accordance with Captain Ablewhite's instructions, waited on the opposite side of the road. There was no moon, and he paced the flag-stones in shadow. A quarter past nine, half past, three quarters past, then the chiming of ten o'clock, and still no Captain. Jeremiah was in a bewilderment of agonised suspense; he was on the brink of a precipice, and he relied upon Captain Ablewhite to save him; by what means he knew not, but he depended upon the Captain's word. "He is detained," thought Jeremiah; "the train is late; he is not a punctual man; perhaps he said ten o'clock instead of nine. At all events, I'll wait for him." The minutes sped on; a quarter past ten, half past, three quarters past, and now another hour had passed; it was eleven o'clock, and Jeremiah, worked up into a state of terrible excitement, continued to pace up and down, up and down. Two or three times a policeman, attracted by his monotonous movements, strolled past and carelessly looked at him; and on these occasions Jeremiah strove to hide his face from the policeman's scrutiny. "Will he never come?" thought Jeremiah, "will he never come?" At half past eleven a singular incident occurred. A voice at his back accosted him. It was a woman's voice.

"Don't turn," the woman said. "Your name is Pamflett?"

"Yes," answered Jeremiah, much amazed.

"You are waiting for someone?"

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"Captain Ablewhite."

"That is right. Take this."

The woman slipped a packet into his hand, and was gone. Jeremiah, turning, saw no trace of her. No time was afforded him for reflection. The Captain's voice struck upon his ear.

"Follow me," it said.

Without the evidence of the voice Jeremiah would not have recognised Captain Ablewhite, who was enveloped in a large Inverness cape, and upon whose head was a hat unlike that he usually wore. He followed the Captain, who walked very fast, until they reached a narrow street at some distance from the Langham. It was a thoroughfare which appeared to be quite deserted.

"Well, old fellow?" said Captain Ablewhite.

"Well?" responded the mystified Jeremiah.

"Couldn't help being late. Knew you would wait for me. Ah! you have the packet, I see."

"This?" said Jeremiah.

"Yes, this"; and Captain Ablewhite took it from his hands.

"It was given to me by a woman, who hid herself from me? What is the meaning of it?"

"You will know soon enough. Go and fetch a four-wheeler."

Jeremiah departed, and in five or six minutes returned with the conveyance.

"Give the driver this half-sovereign," whispered Captain Ablewhite. "Tell him it is on account, and that he has a good fare. Instruct him to drive along the Finchley-road. No questions, old chap; do as I bid you."

Jeremiah followed out the instructions, and the next moment he and Captain Ablewhite were in the cab.

"No place like a four-wheeler," said the Captain, "for an interchange of confidences. Give me your closest attention, friend Jeremiah. You're in luck's way. Being in one of those awkward fixes which invariably land a fellow in jail and ruin him for ever and ever, amen! something has turned up to save you. This is the way of it—but before I go into the matter you are to understand that you are to make no inquiries. What I choose to impart I will impart—nothing more. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"To proceed, then. A lady friend of mine—call her a Duchess—has pressing need for a large sum of money, and has only one means of raising it. The amount she requires is four thousand pounds, and she has handed you jewels worth ten times as much. In a month from this date the four thousand will be repaid with interest, and the jewels will be landed back to her. They are in this packet. Seeing's believing; you shall see them."

He unfastened the packet, and took a morocco case from the wrapper. Then he produced a box of wax tapers, which he gave to Jeremiah, bidding him to keep up a light, in order that he might have a good view of the jewels. He nicked the morocco case open, and exposed to view a bracelet of diamonds of such extraordinary size that Jeremiah could not help giving utterance to an exclamation of astonishment.

"You may well cry out," said Captain Ablewhite. "The stones, if they're worth a penny, are worth fifty thousand pounds. Do you wish to know how I became associated with the affair? Well, I've no objection to telling you. The fact is, the Duchess is an old flame of mine. An antique Duke falling in love with her, and being in his dotage, I naturally consent to the marriage. But she is an awfully extravagant woman, and needing instantly the sum of money I mentioned, comes to me. 'I have a friend,' I say to her, 'in the money-lending way, who, if you give him security, will obtain millions for you.' Whereupon she says she will leave her wonderful diamond bracelet with my friend till she pays back the four thousand, with ample interest. That will be your profit, Jeremiah. She dare not pledge these diamonds in the regular way with the men who deal regularly in such affairs. It would come to her husband's ears, and although the diamonds are hers, to do as she likes with, there is the future to be considered. The Duke makes her a handsome allowance; he has drawn up his will, leaving her as much as it is in his power to do; he is a very jealous, irascible, pompous-headed old idiot, and it is therefore imperative that this little matter shall be negotiated in such a way as to render it impossible it can come to his knowledge. He brings his wife to London this evening; his town mansion is not in a fit state to receive his noble carcase, so his wife drives him to the Langham. She knows from me that my friend—you, Jeremiah—are waiting outside the hotel; she comes to you, addresses you, slips her bracelet into your hand, and vanishes. What confidence! What imprudence! Dear little soul! As for the interest, charge her sixty, eighty, a hundred per cent. Yes, charge her a hundred. It won't come out of her pocket, it will come out of the Duke's. 'But,' say you, 'I haven't the money to advance; I'm clean stumped.' That need not stop the cart, friend Jeremiah. What you have to do is to go to your governor, Farebrother, and show him these diamonds. If the sight of them does not set his thin blood in a glow, nothing will. You say to him, 'The lady requires six thousand pounds on them for a month. She will give one thousand pounds interest.' That is at the rate of two hundred per cent per annum, friend Jeremiah. You continue: 'If the money is not repaid at the end of the month, the diamonds are yours: they become forfeited. Here is a letter from her to that effect.' I will give it to you presently, Jeremiah, and you can hand it to the governor. He won't be able to resist the bait. How about the ready? Can he lay hands on it?"

"He has bonds that he can sell," replied Jeremiah.

"Good. You can manage that for him. Now, how do *you* benefit by the transaction? First and foremost, you get six thousand pounds from the governor; you hand me four and keep two. From what you let drop, friend Jeremiah, you need some such sum of ready money to replace the cash you lost at Doncaster. Well, there you have it, and you will be spared acquaintance with the criminal court. In a month you will receive four thousand pounds interest on the loan, of which you hand the governor one thousand, retaining three, which you pay to me off what you owe the bookmaker. To oblige me, he will wait. The personal accounts between you and me we will go into by-and-by. You see, friend Jeremiah, something very disagreeable, shockingly disagreeable, stares you in the face, and this is the only way out of it. I shall expect you to show your gratitude. That such a slice of luck should fall to you just in the nick of time is nothing less than miraculous. Now, then, how does the thing strike you? Farebrother will lend the money, won't he? If he doesn't, or if you have any doubt of it, I can take the diamonds somewhere else."

"I don't think," said Jeremiah slowly, "that there is any doubt he will lend the money."

"Very well, then. Carry it through, and keep it dark. See the governor to-morrow and arrange it. You'll do it?"

"Yes."

"There's nothing more to say, then. Just see the confidence I have in you, leaving you this treasure without so much as a receipt for it. But I know you can be trusted just now, because of the fix you're in. I must see you to-morrow night to hear what you have to tell. Best not to meet at my place or yours till this little matter is concluded. Say at ten o'clock, just outside Whitechapel Church."

"You will be punctual," said Jeremiah.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Ablewhite, laughing; "I will be punctual. Ta-ta! Call to the driver to stop."

He jumped from the cab as the driver was pulling up, leaving Jeremiah to make his way back to London alone.

On the following night, at ten o'clock, they met outside Whitechapel Church, and Jeremiah informed Captain Ablewhite that Miser Farebrother had consented to lend the money. On Tuesday evening Captain Ablewhite received four thousand pounds from Jeremiah, and the gallant Captain walked off with a very peculiar smile on his face. A few hours afterwards he was whirling away in the night train to Dover, bound for Italy.

(To be continued.)

CHESSE.

A meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund was held last Saturday evening at the Board-room, 41, Fleet street—Mr. H. N. Hamilton-Hoare (hon. treasurer) in the chair. The secretary (Mr. Robert Frewer) reported that the fund reached, after payment of expenses, £8500, and that there would probably be, as last year, at the close of the fund (on the 26th inst.) another £2000 forwarded from the regular subscribing workshops. He had no hesitation in stating that there would be not less than £10,000 to distribute to the participating medical charities.



MR. SHERIFF DAVIES.



ALDERMAN DE KEYSER, THE NEW LORD MAYOR.



MR. SHERIFF HIGGS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON.



Mr. Hodge, Gunner. Surgeon Nunan, M.D. Commander Adamson. Mr. Attwood, Engineer. Mr. Greenwood, Paymaster.
OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.S. WASP, SUPPOSED TO BE LOST AT SEA.



A WOODLAND WALK.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The collection of water-colour drawings on view at the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., of 117, New Bond-street) cannot fail to attract those who care for this method of painting. The members of the Dutch Water-Colour Society (Hollandsche Teeken-Maatschappij) are here more strongly represented than on any previous occasion in this country, and we are enabled, for almost the first time, to judge of the aims and methods of the school as a whole. It is very difficult to explain definitely the difference between the Dutch water-colour artists and those of France and of our country. At times, especially in their treatment of atmosphere, they seem to have more affinities with the French school; but, as a rule, they are stronger and more businesslike in bringing home to the spectator the dominant idea in the painter's mind. They display, moreover, in the treatment of the most delicate elements, much of that laborious industry which has characterised their school of oil painting for so many generations. For instance, in Mr. J. H. Weissenbruch's "Coast of Holland" (98), which may be regarded as the gem of the present collection, the lazy wavelets of the land-locked haven, which at first sight seem mere patches of paint, show, upon study, the careful attention bestowed upon them. The subject is very simple: two row-boats are making their way slowly across the estuary of some almost tideless river; the pale sky is reflected in the still paler water, whilst beyond, a dark house rises out of the colourless "dune," flanked on either side by reeds and rushes and sand-grass. Of these poor materials Mr. Weissenbruch makes a very complete picture, and one which, by its very monotony, is attractive. In his other works, "A River" (42) and "After the Storm" (103), although the power of the artist is as distinctly visible, the poetic feeling seems to be wanting. Another Dutch water-colour artist, little if at all known in this country, is J. Bosboom, who is at his best when painting the interior of churches. Of the works here exhibited his "Church at Alkmaar" (11) is by far the most successful both in composition and colour, for, in spite of its whitewashed walls and black-grained pews, the old building wears a warm look. In "The Great Church at the Hague" (18), better known to travellers in Holland, as well as in the two views of "The Abbey at Middelburg" (84 and 97), Mr. Bosboom falls back into conventional correctness; but in the little study entitled "Convent" (96)—a bit of staircase, at the foot of which an old monk is ringing a bell—we get an idea of another phase of his art, and one in which he has already obtained distinction among his fellow-countrymen. Mr. J. Schinkel is also represented by the interior of a Dutch church (80) treated in a very different spirit, cold and minute, but very effective in its arrangement. It will recall to some the interesting water colours of De Witte, exhibited some time ago at the Institute, to show how pictures painted in water colours more than two hundred years ago still stood the tests of light and time. A large and richly-coloured picture by Mr. C. Bisschop, painter to the King of Holland, entitled "Fast Asleep" (67), shows the interior, more or less imaginary, of an old Dutch bed-chamber. The young mother is in her bed in the alcove, one shutter of which is open, through which she is watching her new-born baby, in its quaintly-ornamented cradle. There is no lack of solid painting in the work, especially in the figure of the youth looking over the side of the cradle; but the painter's antiquarian studies are too prominent and throw the sentiment of the picture too much in the background. The names of Maris, Mauve, Roelofs, Mesdag, Artz,

Blommers, and Israel are too well known in this country to need any special remark. They are, one and all, well represented in the present collection; the last-named, especially, by his "Washing Baby" (40), which conveys a more pleasant feeling, both in colour and life, than many of that artist's works. Of Mr. Mauve's "pastorals"—as they may be called—that named "Sheep Grazing" (88) possesses qualities of light and air in a very high degree. Among the other exhibitors whose names are probably less familiar to English ears, but whose works commend them to English notice, should be mentioned Mr. Valkenburg's "Weeding" (105) and its companion "A Gleaner" (24); Mr. Gabriel's "Landscape" (2) bathed in a golden haze; Mr. E. Van der Meer's "Twilight" (43); Mr. J. Van Essen's clever female figure "Ready for a Walk" (36), and his studies of wild animals; and the various works contributed by Messrs. Oyens, Rochussen, Verveer; by Mesdames K. Bisschop ("The New Playmates,") Mesdag, Bilders Van Bosse, and by Mdlle. Bakhuyzen.

Messrs. Dowdeswells' inaugurate their new and well-lighted galleries (160, New Bond-street) by a collection of water-colours, by Mr. Charles Gregory, illustrative of "Summer Time on the South Coast." Hitherto Mr. Charles Gregory has attracted attention at the "Old" Society chiefly by his brilliant renderings of picturesque spots on the Kentish coast. On this occasion he takes us with him from Rye to the Land's End; but it is especially on the rich colours of the Dorsetshire and Cornish coast that he lingers with pleasure. He sympathises with the glare of sunshine as it falls upon red-roofed cottages, green pastures, or richly-coloured rocks; and he transfers these scenes so graphically to his paper that we feel that without going so far afield we English have also our "Sunny South," of which we may be justly proud. Round Lyme, Beer, Kennack, Talland, and Polperro, where Mr. Gregory seems to have pitched his tent at intervals, he found inexhaustible subjects for his pencil. His style, we cannot but think, is a little prosaic; but he faithfully translates the vivid scenes under his eye. When he endeavours to throw poetry into his landscape he seems to think an apple-tree or hawthorn in full blossom will satisfy the most romantic, regardless of the fact that such beauties are the attributes of spring rather than of summer, especially on our sheltered southern shores. Of such studies "Blossom and Sea at Branscombe" (5), "A Season of Blossom" (10), and the "Promise of May" (48), are excellent instances of Mr. Gregory's powers; and his instructive appreciation of Nature in a somewhat different key are the "Grey Day at Coverack" (54), "Cloud Shadows, Talland" (21), and "Sundown at Polperro" (15)—the last being especially noteworthy. In it Mr. Gregory seems for once to have been carried out of himself by the charm of the scene, and to allow his brush a freer scope. Amongst the other sketches may be mentioned that of "Rye Cliff" (42), the "Brilliant Morning at Cadgwith" (39), a "Gale at Kynance" (58), and "Low Tide on the Rother" (69). There are also sketches of Newlyn, Seaton, Beer, Helford, &c., which will revive the pleasant memories of those whose holiday feet have taken them along our southern coasts.

In the same gallery is a collection of nine statuettes in bronze by Signor Ernesto Biondi, who, from his work, should belong to the modern school of Neapolitan sculptors, which, as is obvious, follow too closely the traditions of a French art which may be hoped to be on the wane even in its own country. The prevailing note of all these figures is a want of life and vigour. They are admirably executed, polished to a

fault, and altogether without interest beyond such as is conveyed by their titles—"La Mala Juornata," "Carovana Affricana," &c.

The Chesham Gallery (14, Old Bond-street) reopens its doors with a very interesting collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter Paris, Professor of Landscape Drawing at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Those who know the importance attached to rapid and correct drawing by the military authorities, will be satisfied at finding the studies of our future warriors entrusted to such skilful hands. It is impossible to go round this room without recognising the quickness of eye and hand to which we owe these spirited sketches, many of which must have been taken under considerable difficulties. Mr. Paris has been a persistent "globe-trotter," and has brought back with him many pleasant reminiscences of his travels, especially in the United States. The collection is divided into series, of which the first and almost the most numerous is devoted to Florida, with its swamps and jungles, its relics of Spanish rule, and symptoms of returning life. That most lovely of spots, Fort George Island, which blocks the entrance to St. John's River, is brought home to us in almost all its special features; and St. Augustine, the last resting-place of Randolph Caldecott, will have a greater, although more sad, interest in our eyes. The second series comprises drawings made on the coasts of Maine, Massachusetts, where the cold Atlantic beats upon granite rocks of every form and hue. The third series hurries across the American continent to Colorado and California, giving us pleasant glimpses of Denver city as it was a few years ago; of Ogden and the great Salt Lake, and, what is far more interesting, specimens of those old mission-houses and churches which mark the first relations between America and Europe. It seems almost incredible, too, that there should be still "Old Spanish Barracks" standing in the midst of the ranches and "claims" of cowboys and gold-seekers. The fourth series of Mr. Paris's sketches unfortunately include only half-a-dozen studies of the beauties of the Hudson River and Staaten Island; but in the sixth series we get a fuller idea of the summer retreats open to stay-at-home American citizens, and we are bound to admit that Lake George, the White Mountains, Long Island, &c., offer attractions which might well compensate those who hesitate to cross the Atlantic. Perhaps one of the most interesting as well as careful studies of the whole series is that of some old houses at Washington, which might be taken for any old sixteenth-century wood cottages of Herefordshire or Somersetshire. As to the absolute accuracy of Mr. Paris's pictures we can only speak by inference, but those to whom the scenes comprised in the fifth series—"England and France"—are familiar will be prepared to take the American sketches on trust. In our own country Mr. Paris seems to have made himself familiar with Sussex, Hampshire, and the New Forest; and his sketches from those places are full of brightness and reality which nothing but actual study of the spots could produce.

Mr. W. T. Blackmore has been elected secretary of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

It is announced that ballad concerts will be continued on alternate Thursday evenings during November at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Bridge-road; the first, a most attractive one, having been given last Thursday. Science lectures will be given on each Tuesday in the month, Sir John Lubbock giving the lecture on the 22nd inst.

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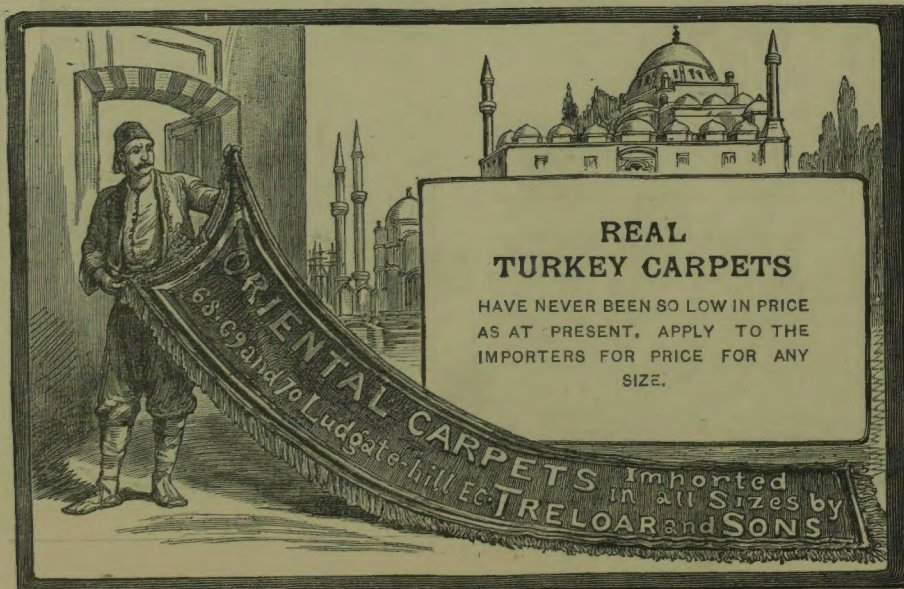
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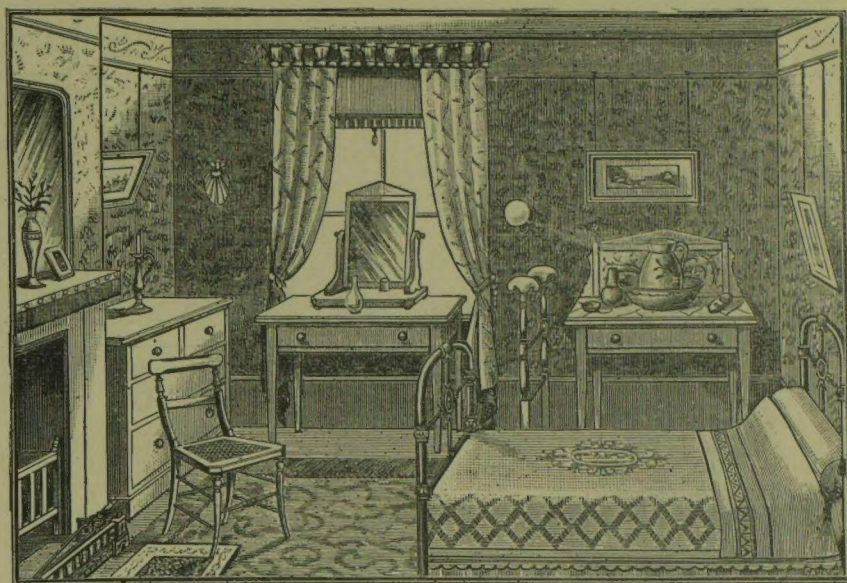
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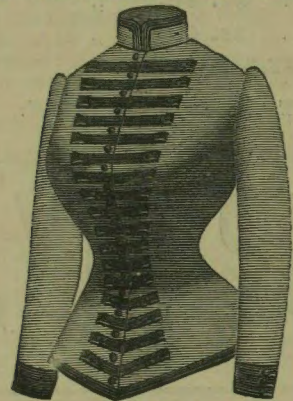


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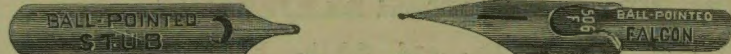
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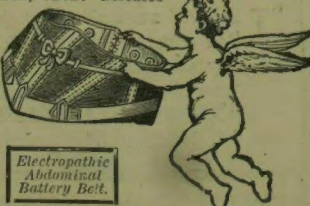
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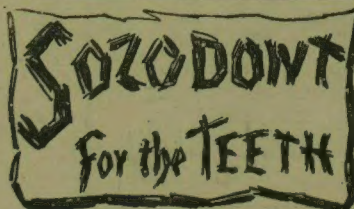


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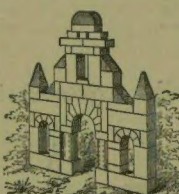
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